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Health & Efficiency INTERNATIONAL NATURIST SPRING QUARTERLY



Secretive James Page 6.



Exploring life's pleasures Page 10.



Vanessa's Hot Christmas Page 44.

CONTENTS

FEATURES

2 French Knickers and **Knee Tremblers.** Those wicked things we only dare do when we're on holiday. Irene Jones Hoppe.

6 The Secret Garden. Grow your own exclusive sun James Lewis

10 Wine, Women and Song. Only fools do without them! Vivienne Carter

16 Fingers and Fantasy. Masturbation is good for you! George Target 24 Cathy - a Typical Redhead. She was a real

man-killer - but she never ran out of eager volunteers. Irene Jones Hoppe

26 Hot on the Rocks. You can get a real high from rock climbing. Dave Keller 28 Make the Most of

Your Natural Assets. Naturist living on the cheap. Petra Vallance

49 Quiz: How Old Did You Say You Were? 58 How to Lose Friends and Alienate People. Problems at the local sun club. Matt Stewart

64 Trouble and Strife. Rows are often a good idea. George Target 70 The Day My Uniform Fell Apart.

When this policeman's stress got too much, naturism came to the rescue. Peter Oakes

PUBLISHER

Reginald Taylor

John Spracklin

Kate Sturdy

Jon Williams

Carolyn Knott

MANAGING EDITOR

FEATURES EDITOR

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT

GROUP ART DIRECTION

GOING PLACES

20 The Lovers Guide to Paris. The ideal cultural and carnal 'breakaway' Mary Stephenson

44 Sizzling Days in

Oz. A personal naturist lifestyle in Australia.

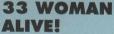
Vanessa Goodman

52 Wheeling and Peeling in France.

Travels with a Camper Van. Sally Reeves

60 Discovering Nude Tenerife. Mixed weather but positive feedback.

Ken & Sue Fitton.



Sex for all Ages. **Special Pull Out** Supplement for the Free Thinking Woman Naturist Teen Dreams.

Carolyn Knott

Prime Time.

Susan Mavfield. New Ways to be Naughty.

Vanessa Goodman

56 Club Directory. Find that bare grass

ADVERTISEMENT MANAGER Norman Nettleton **PROMOTIONS AND** MARKETING EXECUTIVE Jane Hendy-Smith SUBSCRIPTION MANAGER Yvonne Alderton **GERMAN EDITORIAL** Inge Von Schniewind **EDITOR FRENCH EDITION**



Reach new heights Page 26.



Nudity on the cheap Page 28.



Making up is easy! Page 64.

NOW IN ITS 94th YEAR OF **PUBLICATION**

Health and Efficiency was established in 1900 and has incorporated Sunbathing Review, Vim and Sonnentans. The magazine is entirely free of any connection with, and is not influenced by national associations, clubs or other organisations. We publish news, views and reflections on the nudist scene. We look beyond the clubs to the evolving world where social nudity on the beaches and in our homes is affecting our modes, mores and morals. All are grist to our mill. We believe in the cause of social nakedness and as such consider it our duty to promote its acceptance universally. Our propaganda both by word and picture is designed for total honesty of expression but at all times within the bounds of propriety. This magazine is entirely independent.

Arthur Bouchard

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ost of the year an undistinguished woman can be glimpsed trudging through the New Forest or along the pebbly Southern English beaches trailed by two yapping small, muddy dogs. She is dressed in a scruffy jeans, a baggy shirt and grubby trainers and hardly warrants a second glance.

But come Summer - watch out! She heads for the nearest Lotus-Eating Naturist beach, sheds her chrysalis and becomes a butterfly. Yes 'C'est moi'. I'm a totally different person for a few glorious, fun-filled weeks every year.

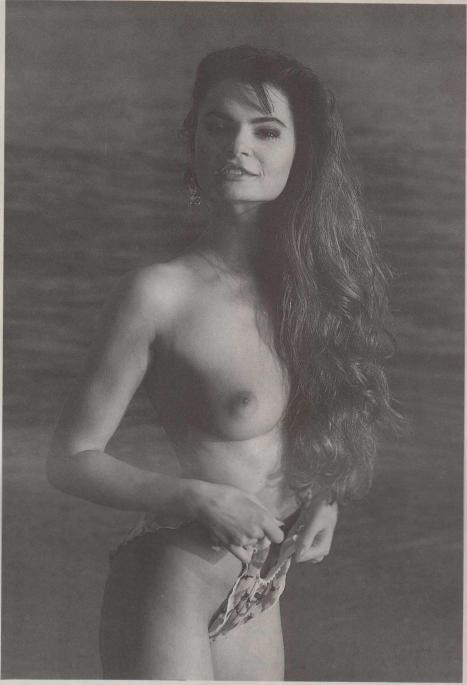
Personally, I love to sunbathe nude on a soft, sandy beach and the erotic feeling of swimming in tingling, cool water with the waves eddying around my naked body, but I feel uncomfortable shopping or eating in a restaurant totally nude.

I have no objection to other diners being naked. I just prefer to be wearing a little something.

In consequence, I have a completely different wardrobe for my summer sojourns. Goodbye to my hippy clothes and Indian jewellery. Hello to very vulgar plastic baubles, gaudy scarves and a wardrobe comprised mostly of french knickers.

The advantage of cheap jewellery is obvious. Nobody is going to break into your apartment to steal a pair of orange plastic parrot earrings or a fluorescent pink bangle and matching beads and G-string. Save your holiday insurance for more important things than replacing your diamond rings.

Bright scarves are multi-functional. They can be hung around the hips for modesty, worn on the head against



FRENCH KNICKERS KNEETREMBLERS

BECOME A DIFFERENT PERSON FOR 2 WEEKS!

sun-stroke, twisted into a top to cover sensitive burned bits and sat on in a sun heated metal chair. I've found the brighter and more sparkly the better.

Leave your nice paisley silk or white mohair at home, they are status symbols for your at home friends. Holiday scarves and shawls need to be tacky, either well worn and salt faded or looking as though they were stolen from a colour blind dragqueen.

or most of the year french knickers are an instrument of torture to the wearer. They are draughty if worn with a skirt and impossible to wear under leggings. But mine come into their own when I wear them in a naturist resort.

I take four pairs with me. A flowered chiffon pair with beige lace inserts, ones in white satin, another in black and a raunchy pair in black net with red satin hearts.

I feel sexy wearing them, long bare legs, naked breasts and with this minuscule bit of satin or chiffon and lace blowing around my hips and crotch. I walk differently in french knickers, swaying provocatively. Kim Basinger eat your heart out!

One couple that are notorious for their family discipline and healthy living during most of the year cast all scruples to the wind on their selfcatering naturist yearly holiday.

'Goodbye scruffy jeans - hello g-strings!'

They both work and are stalwart members of their church while at home, dressing, acting and living as an exemplary example to us all.

Their two children are not allowed to watch T.V., eat anything that is not grilled, poached or raw, (the only Golden Arches they have heard of are controlled by St. Peter,) and have a daily regime of piano and dance lessons, Bible study and healthy fresh air activities that makes marine boot camp look like Disney World.

However, come the summer hols' they deliberately leave their watches at home and live for three weeks without the pressures that 'Time' imposes.

They get up when the first person awake comes home from the patisserie with a bag of lethally carbohydrate loaded doughnuts, amble to the beach for a nap in the sun and for a hamburger and ice cream lunch, let the children play games machines during the hot part of the day, dance all evening and make sure that they are all in bed before dawn.

Then, home they go, tanned, relaxed and ready for their regime of battle against Satan and cholesterol.

Millie, another friend, was just hauling her luggage out of the house to walk to the bus stop for the bustrain-coach trip to Cap D'Adge last year when the skies broke open and rain bucketed down.

She grabbed an enormous umbrella from her hall stand to shelter until her bus came and then cursed the obstinate artifact that she was now lumbered with all the long journey to the Med.

Once there, it dawned on her that she couldn't have picked up a more brilliant accessory.

Let me explain. I'm a naturally darkskinned person. Put me in the sun and I get a progressively darker tan until I either cover up again or apply for a new racial category.

Millie, on the other hand, is a natural blonde who loves the ambiance of hot beaches but can't tolerate the sun. She freckles and burns shedding an average of a complete skin a week. She always



Even your brolly becomes acceptable!

spent a fortune on sun blocks, diaphanous cover-ups and wide brimmed hats and was green with envy for the rest of us enjoying ourselves in the sun under a layer of coconut oil.

She used to pass all her Mediterranean holidays hunched miserably under a rented beach umbrella rubbing sun block into her scorched shins or trudging around looking like a bundle of washing, firmly clasping a huge hat to her blonde head.

The umbrella gave her unexpected freedom. She could trot around naked with the best of us, holding her

'Lager louts should be made to strip!'

despised friend aloft safe and comfortable in its shade.

'I could never go out in the sun with an umbrella back home,' she confided. 'I would feel like a complete fool. I'll still have to cover up and wear a hat there. But down here I don't care what people think of me, I'm enjoying being out doing things with my nude friends and having the freedom of being naked myself - that's what's important!'

I think that we all don a new persona when we're on holiday. We all try to impress others that we meet. Our job becomes higher management, our salaries grow an extra 'O' on the end, especially on a naturist holiday.

Nudity is the ultimate social leveller. No harm in it, we all need to be well thought of and to impress at some point in our lives.

aturism does not seem to attract the loathsome 'lager louts' that poison so many resorts in the sun.

I have a theory about this. I think that their personae of totally obnoxious behaviour needs clothing as a recognisable defence.

It is being dressed in the same style as their mates that gives them the courage to behave in a manner that would never be tolerated back home.

They go on exotic holidays to enjoy the sun - and then never really go out in it! 'The whole place is too bloody full of foreigners for their liking.' They get up in the middle of the afternoon, crowd into a gloomy bar like mushrooms to start drinking, carouse under neon lights until the wee small hours, throw up all over each other, get



laid - if they are still capable, then pass out until the next evening. They know that they have enjoyed themselves but they can't remember how.

My solution to the problems that they cause is to strip them. Take away their security along with their clothes and watch their behaviour improve.

Yes, we all do things on holiday that we would never attempt to get away with within the stricture of our own society.

Older women find themselves suddenly mesmerised by the bulge in a young waiter's trousers and make complete fools of themselves. Normally level-headed men who complain about the increase in the milk bill at home suddenly start buying rounds of drinks or bottles of Champagne and telling some little Demoiselle how misunderstood they are.

Sensible, prudent girls find that they go in for 'knee tremblers', an exercise they would never even condone at home. It is rumoured that at some resorts the average time it takes for young people to get laid is in the region of about five hours from their plane landing.

All this is a part of the anticipation, fun and fond memories of going on holiday to strange and foreign parts - we love to behave in a way that we wouldn't dream of at home.

To finish off, one highly respected member of the staff of this magazine confesses enjoying walking around without wearing her panties while on holiday. This in the textile towns not on the naturist beaches. She says that it makes her feel exotic and erotic. I have left this information until last so she can edit it out of my manuscript before it goes into print if she's a spoil-sport.

e all have dreams of our own little naturist paradise. A plot of land hidden from prying eyes where we can enjoy the sun and fresh air and perhaps the company of a few friends:

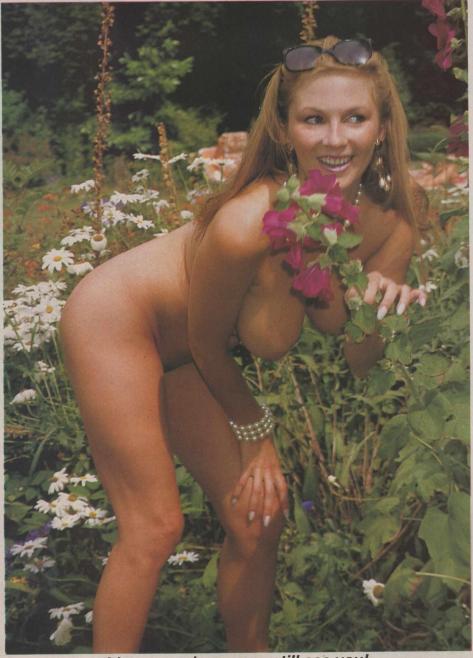
The average suburban garden does not immediately strike one as potential private Eden but it's amazing what can be achieved with a little imagination.

There are a variety of ways to screen a garden, using fences, hedges

and walls.

One couple I know employ a strategically placed washing line. On sunny days they make a point of washing the sheets and hanging them out to dry. What the neighbours don't notice is that they peg the bottom corners of the sheets to each other and to the fence at each side of the

SECRET GRAPER



It's no good - we can still see you!

garden - instant privacy.

Alternately, why not plant rows of runner beans. They are cheap, easy to grow, and form an effective screen!

These short term measures provide instant screening for the summer, but they hardly create a romantic little hidden idyl. A longer term solution needs a bit more thought.

Walls and high fencing will do the trick but can be expensive. They may also require planning permission.

Another disadvantage of walls and fencing is that if they appear suddenly, people become very curious as to what lurks behind them!

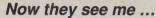
So, if it's a wall you want, a diplomatic approach to the neighbours might be wise. It could be better to erect a wall with their blessing than to create ill feeling by just going ahead.

It might be diplomatic to concoct a plausible sounding reason for erecting the wall in case the neighbours feel slighted on the assumption it's because you don't want to talk to them. Perhaps the idea of shielding the garden from the breeze may do the trick.

Once you have overcome this hurdle it would be wise to have the work done during the winter so that by the summer the neighbours will be used to the new wall and their curiosity as to what is going on behind it will have diminished.

You could just tell them the truth – who knows they might say 'Hey, that's a good idea!' They may even have been toying with the same idea themselves but were just wondering how to approach the subject with you.

Plants are another way of screening a garden and any garden centre could advise on the best choices.





... now they don't!

JAMES LEWIS considers a few homegrown sunbathing possibilities

There are lots of fast growing shrubs and hedging plants.

Conifers of the Leylandi variety are a good idea, they grow about three feet every season, can be obtained in a variety of colours and form a nice thick screen.

They should not, however, be allowed to grow higher than needed. Conifers can get out of control and unlike privet they do not grow new shoots from the trunk. So if the trees get too tall, the foliage on the lower trunks begins to thin out.

Traditional privet can be trimmed to any shape required and, the more you cut it, the thicker it gets. It takes longer to grow, however, and needs regular trimming.

The great advantage of hedges and screening plants is that they do not require planning permission or suddenly spring up over night. They can be allowed to grow gradually, a little higher each year, so that nobody will really notice!

Another possibility is a trellis through which you can train such climbing plants as honeysuckle, jasmine and clematis. These will not only provide privacy, but colour and

HOME JAMES

perfume as well. A tactically designed pergola is another possibility.

Fencing or a pergola can be done on the cheap if you keep a watch out for demolition sites from which you can scrounge suitable timber from old pallets. Climbing plants like honeysuckle or clematis will soon cover the old timber and provide a thick screen.

Long term screening of a garden is a project that is best given some thought, you do not want to go to a lot of trouble expense and tactical negotiation with neighbours to find that by rushing into the job you have got it wrong.

Spend a lot of time sitting in the garden and get to know what angles you really need to screen. Maybe you don't even need to screen the whole garden off.

You should also think of the height of the screens in relation to the height of possible view points.

If nobody can come right up to it, a screen one metre high will give complete privacy if you are lying down.

That means that if you have a largish lawn you may only have to erect a beach windshield in the middle to sunbathe in privacy.

Do some experiments. You will be surprised what you will learn about



Plants are a great way to screen your garden.



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what people can and cannot see in your garden with a couple of tall garden canes with a string stretched between them.

Suppose a neighbour's upstairs window overlooks your garden. It's height and distance are crucial factors in blocking off its sightline. Your two canes and piece of string will soon tell you about the sightline from that window.

The principle is this. The string represents the top of a screen at a given height. The area that is out of sight behind that screen from a given vantage point is a triangle formed by A; the top of the screen and its base, B: the spot furthest from the base of the screen at which the vantage point still appears below the string when viewed from ground level, C; a straight line between point B and the top of the screen.

It is well worth doing some homework. Go to the library, find the 'theatre and performing arts section' and get a good book on set design.

Seriously! A theatre set has to be designed so that you cannot see behind it. At the same time there have to be big enough gaps to allow fifty or a hundred people on and off quickly. At the same time some of the auditorium seats are very close or are at very acute angles.

Theatre designers are very good at working out sightlines and this section of a book on set design will give you some very useful tips.

There is another possibility: The roof.

If you have a flat roof you may find that you are quite out of sight of everything except passing sparrows once you are up on it.

Now flat pitch and felt roofs can be easily damaged and I wouldn't recommend walking about on them in stiletto heels, but you could law an inflatable mattress on one without any problems.

A fibre glass roof can be walked on without any problem and this might be a good investment.

I have even heard of people laying lawns on flat roof areas.

Think about it, you may have your own little naturist club right outside your door!



Why not invite the neighbours round?



Your own private Eden!

WINE WOKEN AND SONG

bit of sound advice, this, from the words of Martin Luther -'Who loves not wine, women and song remains a fool his whole life long'. There I was sitting aboard It's surprising the things that run through your mind on a long haul flight. Vivienne Carter gets serious somewhere over Singapore.



a Singapore Airline flight on my way to, you guessed it, Singapore when I opened the Wine List and my eyes alighted on this very admirable piece of advice.

ou can pre-date Martin Luther by hundreds of vears to find religious monks busying themselves finding the best grapes to grow in order to produce better wine than their brothers at the monastery in the next town. But then they had a very good reason to do so, for hadn't the Good Lord Himself promoted the wisdom of drinking wine? Not to mention trying His hand at making it, although He didn't bother with all the fuss of growing grapes, but took the easy way out and turned water into wine. I can think of many present day wine producers who'd give their right hands to possess His secret recipe. Strange, really, isn't it, how ideas change over the years.

There we are originally, with Our Lord Himself in favour of wine, and then his disciples of





Be careful ...



... too much drink will have you seeing stars.

all kinds through the ages making and distributing wine, and then, just as soon as it is realised that people actually enjoy drinking the stuff, along comes certain sections of Mother Church saying wine drinking is a no go area!

In some churches even the communion wine isn't really wine at all, but blackcurrant juice, or some other wine coloured liquid!

So, having investigated Martin and wine, let us turn to investigating women, and what women doesn't enjoy occasionally being 'investigated', especially if it is



I've got my woman

by someone who loves her!

ur friend, M.L. obviously wasn't too struck by St. Paul's recommendation that it was better for a man to abstain from women, but preferred to find out for himself. However, throughout the ages there's always been a bit of a mixed bag on the pros and cons of loving women, especially amongst the religious.

Even today Catholic Priests are not allowed to be married. I never could understand that.

God made men and then a 'man with a womb' - 'woman' so why do certain human beings



- where's the rest?



think that the 'woman' part of God's creation is so bad and harmful that men who feel specifically chosen to promote God's cause should not love in the fullest way, the 'man with the womb'. What a lot of hurt and heartbreak has been caused in the name of religion.

he last and perhaps the most pleasurable to most people of M.L.'s good list is song. I have always maintained that the one thing I would be most distressed to have to do without is music.

Out of the three song has to be the one that is least controversial. The only possible objection being which kind of music. Music of one kind or another has provided the means



Is that a beach bar over there?



Let's make sweet music together.

for people to enjoy themselves since creation.

People have always found ways of producing tunes from all sorts of things, You don't have to be experienced at playing a traditional or modern musical instrument in order to make music. The old 'penny whistle' was no more than a hollowed out twig with holes made in it. Similar to pan pipes of Ancient Greece, or the aboriginal didgerido from Australia.

owever, the actual word Martin used was 'song' and that is making music with our voices. A real freebie type of music available that way. Especially as there are so many different types of voices. I don't think there's anything better than to hear the rich, varied tones of dozens of men's voices combined in a Male Voice Choir!

So, three cheers for Martin Luther - who wants to be a fool all his life? No-one I know, that's for sure. So, follow the sensible fellow's message – open another bottle of wine, put your arms round that special person in your life and make beautiful music together.



FINGERS and FANTASY

GEORGE

TARGET

considers the

art of

masturbation.

ost men will freely admit to having, er, 'played' with themselves when they were boys.

Many will admit that they used to 'wank' or 'toss off' or 'bash their bishop' before they started a regular sexual relationship with a woman. But very few (married or not) will admit to masturbation as adults.

However, as every woman will tell you, all men are liars.

Because every sex survey of recent years from Kinsey onwards has confirmed that men continue to

masturbate whether they're married or not ... and even those enjoying a fulfilled and happy relationship with a sexually satisfying woman (not always the same thing as marriage) will still occasionally satisfy themselves for a change.

And why not?

There are few 'oughts' or 'musts' about sexuality, and there's no good reason for giving up one pleasure merely because you're now also enjoying another. Who'd stop eating boiled eggs because they also enjoyed them fried? Mind you, if masturbation slows down your ability to provide your lover with complete and frequent satisfaction - well, you're being selfish.

Anyway, very few men will openly admit that they still enjoy it. Indeed, to be called a 'wanker' is almost the ultimate insult. Yet how can it be insulting to be accused of doing what every other man also

Only because they pretend not to

do it, and are a bit ashamed.

But there's no need for shame, and most adults (men and women) would improve the quality of their lives by getting rid of these feelings of guilt: who needs the cancer of shame about anything so human?

And the easy acceptance of adult masturbation will improve your sexual skills. We are rarely taught how to do it properly by our parents, so learn from friends at school. All very natural and healthy, but hardly the best way to acquire the necessary techniques for mature sexuality. Boys, for example, pride

themselves on mere speed, and will have a 'Milk Race' among themselves to see who can ejaculate quickest. But a sprint over a short distance won't satisfy most women, who prefer longer runs through the landscape of loving.

Another disadvantage of this almost accidental way of learning about masturbation is that we probably stick to the method we first learned: using the one hand with the same urgent movements every time. Even to use the other hand will be a revelation.

Before having a look at what's possible, let's be sure what adult masturbation is or isn't.

t's a Latin word, masturbari, a combination of two roots meaning 'male semen,' plus tubare, 'turbid,' to disturb or agitate.

So it means to agitate semen and cause ejaculation ... which is precisely what happens during sexual intercourse.



Yet we reserve the word for ejaculation brought about by either the man himself or his lover, with hands or some mechanical device acting as a substitute vagina.

And, though there's obviously no ejaculation involved, it's also used when a woman or her lover stimulates her clitoris with fingers or vibrator to bring her to an orgasm.

According to the strict meaning of the word, then, there is no moral judgment: masturbation is what can be done to provide intense pleasure, or merely relieve sexual tension.

And we are now junking that ignorant 'Christian' morality which condemns it as harmful or sinful, all those sweaty ravings by 'celibate' priests and other sexually obsessed miseries. True, some of these disturbed and unhappy people still persist in the claim that it's damaging to body and mind ... but there is no medical or social evidence to indicate any such nonsense.





Whereas children punished for it by emotionally frustrated parents or sexually ignorant teachers are indeed psychologically damaged.

o, there's nothing wrong with masturbation, either for men or women, as it's the first and easiest way we can get in touch (literally) with our own feelings and needs, learn the varieties of our sexual responses. And when you've discovered what you like doing to pleasure yourself, how much more pleasure there will be with your lover. You can't possibly enjoy your lover's body without first being able to enjoy your own.

So masturbation is merely preparation for adult sexuality.

There's certainly nothing to be worried about.

It's nearly always completely successful, for men and women, ending in either ejaculation or orgasm: it feels good, does you good, and can be done almost

anywhere at any time.

You don't always need a partner except the one in your mind, the dream lover of erotic fantasy.

There's no pressure on a man to 'perform,' none on a woman to satisfy anybody except her own sweet self ... neither of them has to flatter, bargain, ask, plead, beg, pretend, deceive.

And it's 'safe,' with no chance of AIDS, venereal disease, or any unwanted pregnancy.

It's also the most valuable training for the 'real' thing!

An innocent pleasure, then, by means of which you can learn the art of prolonging sexual intercourse ... a skill required to bring normal women to the deepest possible orgasmic satisfaction.

And now let's be sure what masturbation isn't.

It is by no means a mere substitute for sexual intercourse, but an occasional variation. Tinned sardines are not the same as fresh

It's the difference between shaking hands with a fully clothed woman and being kissed by her naked.

So discover the full potential of your genitals, play and experiment with them, become familiar with their less obvious sensations. It's not harmful, and can't be done to excess: when your body has had enough for the time being you'll be the first to know. Easy and natural as eating so regard masturbation as an occasional tasty snack.

They are the simple facts. Here are some of the other pleasures and advantages.

For example, because of biological and social reasons most women are more monogamous than men. One woman prefers one man, and will probably remain sexually faithful to him ... whereas most men, though they may remain sexually faithful, tend to have an eye for the next pair of breasts or buttocks. So masturbation while enjoying the fantasy of 'having' another woman is obviously less harmful than unfaithfulness.

Again, in these dangerous days 'safe' sexual activity is the best form

How can the word 'wanker' be an insult - when almost every man is one?

of courtship, during which a couple can provide each other with all the varieties of masturbatory pleasure ... until they know that neither are 'carriers' of anything nasty. By which time they will have learned a great deal about their sexual needs and responses, and can 'graduate' to the different delights of intercourse.

And there's one more major benefit.

Because one of the main differences between men and women in their sexual lives is the difference in speed of bodily response to sexual stimulation. A man is easily and quickly aroused, and can ejaculate within minutes (or even seconds) of starting intercourse ... whereas a woman prefers to linger longer. She reaches the same heights, but much more slowly.

Now when boys first learn they do it quickly, thus conditioning themselves to ejaculate too soon as men to satisfy any normal woman.

If that's the case, then a man should use masturbation as basic training in slowing down his ejaculation for long enough to allow a woman all the time she needs.

Have a time and place to be alone

Brisk shower to be clean all over, pamper yourself, perhaps a glass of wine, dim the lights ... and relax with your own body.

Enjoy everything. Stroke your flesh with the tips of your fingers, chest, nipples, belly, buttocks, inner thighs, your balls, the area around your anus. It all belongs to you, there's nobody to yell 'No!'

The idea is to encourage total bodily awareness, not just that by now throbbing erection but all over at once from head to curling toes.

So take your time, experience the feelings in and along the length of your erection, especially at the root deep in your body. Yes, what's going on at the glans is pure pleasure, but start to feel that spreading further and deeper. True, the glans is at first the most sensitive, but under the tip and down the shaft can become equally responsive to the lightest of touches: the crimson crown, the dimpled ridge, and that tiny fold of flesh just

below the orifice ... all are for enjoyment.

Try watching yourself from various positions. Use one or more large mirrors, stand, sit, kneel, crouch. Turn your back, and examine the cleft between your buttocks, the contractions of your anus ... and the memories will help you to focus your feelings during intercourse.

Use finger-tip teasings around your glans.

Grip the base of the shaft with both hands, and slide the skin up and down with vigorous



Be totally aware of your body.

determination ... but don't ejaculate yet.

Thumb and forefinger gently around just below the glans, or half-way down, or hard against the base while cupping your balls with your other hand. Various pressures and movements, slowing down, speeding up ... stopping, delaying, starting again.

Roll the whole length between your palms like hard putty, squeeze, and relax, squeeze and relax, again and again ... but don't ejaculate.

Get a clear idea of the sensations leading up to ejaculation; those feelings of almost unbearable urgency immediately before the muscular spasms which pump out your semen in three or four satisfying spurts. Keep your attention on what's happening at the base of your erection, especially along the tube from your balls.

This tube will be filling with semen, loading for ejaculation ... and that's where you concentrate your controlling attention.

The moment before the point of no return, stop ... and the urge to ejaculate will fade. Wait a few moments, then start again.

or the first few sessions only stop once, then try twice, three times ... but don't attempt the world record. This is for pleasure, not gold medals. And too many stops will make your balls ache.

You may not always succeed in stopping, but don't worry: enjoy! And there's always the next time.

You'll soon recognise all the signs, and be able to control yourself more and more ... and 'last' longer and longer.

Now you can go on to the next stage: increased stimulation.

Those first few sessions only use your hands and fingers until you can keep control for ten or fifteen minutes ... but now use oil or cream, really smooth and slippery which will feel very like an aroused vagina, warm and moist and welcoming. Much more exciting, so take it easy, go slowly, deliberately, enjoying every slither ... until you're ready to shoot down low-flying aircraft.

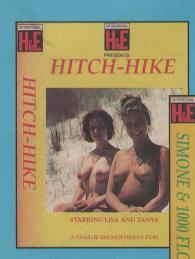
Don't ever be ashamed about any of it: seeing the spurting of your semen is almost as exciting as the muscular spasms.

And after enjoying a few weeks of this creative masturbation you'll be more than capable of satisfying any normal woman when it comes to mere staying power ... though you'll still need to be imaginative in all the other loving and lovely ways.

One last point: it's even more exciting to move your body rather than merely your hands, as this involves the thrusting of your buttocks as in sexual intercourse. Yes, one hand can manage on its own - but you'll eventually be using your whole body, so why not start at once?

Because fully human sexuality is more than one-handed.

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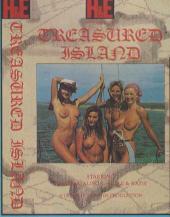


ALISON -



ALISON OVER THE MOON

A naked adventure in Lanzarote with Alison, Gail and Jill. Selling time share is hell, but it's soon obvious there's more to life



MERMAID A FLIPPADT TALE 湖 TALL

THE GIRL GIRL WITH NO

WITH NO NAME

STARRING CHLÖE, SAMMY & GAYLE AND THE GIRL WITH NO NAME A CHARLIE SIMONDS PRODUCTION

THE GIRL WITH NO NAME

Vera Playa nude resort in Spain provides the luxurious back drop for Chloe, Gayle and Sammy to live, work and relax in their own crazy naturist ways



TREASURED ISLAND

What's the secret of St. Martin that only Captain Cutlass At Club Orient naturist resort, Adele, Amanda and Alison meet Katie for a naked treasure hunt in the Caribbean



The mystery starts in the jacuzzi of England's Silverleigh and winds its way to scenic Fuerteventura as Amanda, Suzanne, Marie-Louise and Chloe meet up with a slippery character IT'S SO EASY TO ORDER YOUR EXCITING NEW CHOICE! **JUST TURN TO PAGE 46**



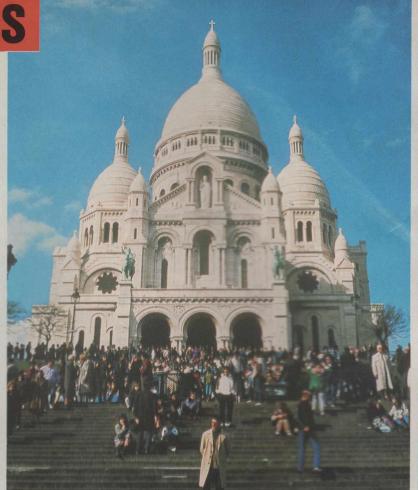
GOING PLACES

A few days in Paris could stir your passions, and naturists play just outside.

aris is for lovers, everyone says so, and it's true. The city resonates with romantic ambience, even rekindling the spark that married couples thought had gone out long ago. You only have to see the number of pensioners walking down the Champs Elysées arm in arm or holding hands for confirmation of

We all need romance in our lives, so a romantic weekend can melt even the hardest heart. And Paris is the city best qualified to conquer the toughest of cases.

A favourite pastime in any French town or village is sitting outside a cafe watching the world go by. There is nothing so restful as lazily sipping a cold beer feeling you



e Lovers Guide

By Mary Stephenson.

seriously and will not waste a meal on an establishment that doesn't know how to cook. Menus start from around £5 for a two or three course meal and cheap doesn't necessarily mean poor.

Entertainment doesn't have to be expensive either. There is a great deal of impromptu entertainment in visiting the flea markets. Paris has half a dozen and they are well worth visiting. The tourist office should be able to give you a list. At the famous Centre Pompidou (Georges Pompidou was a naturist incidentally) there is always some sort of street entertainment going on as well as sculptures and exhibitions.

Paris is the centre for fashion and if you're wondering how to spend a few

thousand francs on clothes, there is no end of choice of shops that sell clothes at figures that the rest of us normally equate with telephone numbers. However, for those who fancy returning home with a designer item and some change, the trendy Parisians go to a place called Le Mouton à Cinq Pattes in St Germain where last year's designer clothes are sold at reasonable prices.

Nightclubs and discos abound and some are open in the afternoon for the old style bals musettes. Balajo, in the rue de Lappe, Paris 11 is open from 3.00 pm for those who want to waltz, tango or twist the afternoon away. It opens again at 10

Le Tchatch au Tango is a similar venue for afternoon tangos at 13 rue au Maire, Paris 3. It is cheap and cheerful. It also opens in the evenings for jazzy Latin American dancing.

have all the time in the world, while

others scuttle past in their hurry to get all their daily chores done.

The Parisians are extremely talented at this form of entertainment and when in Paris... as they say. However, be warned, the owners of the cafe are well used to their clientele making one drink last an hour or more so they charge prices accordingly, and the more touristique the

area, the higher the cost.

At lunch time you may feel like a snack, in which case there are cafes offering a plat du jour from between £2.50 to £5. Alternatively you can buy a sandwich not the sliced bread genre but a long section of French bread stuffed with all sorts of goodies from one of the many take-away stalls, and sit in a park to eat it, washed down with a bottle of wine or beer from a supermarket.

No romantic weekend is complete without the candlelight dinner à deux, so you will be wanting to find a nice little restaurant with just the right intimate atmosphere.

All restaurants display their menu and prices outside and many offer a fixed menu which will work out cheaper than eating a la carte. When choosing a place, avoid the ones that are half empty at peak times and try to notice where it is that the French are eating.

The French take their eating very



A ROMANTIC WEEKEND IS VIRTUALLY GUARANTEED

Perhaps best known is Héliomonde, run by Soc Nat at 16 rue Drouot, 75009 Paris. Tel: (1) 42 46 43 87. The site itself is also located near the Étrechy station at La Petite Beauce, 91530 St Chéron. Tel: (1) 64 56 61 37.

If it is just weekend camping accommodation you want and you don't mind being some way out of Paris, there is a friendly naturist club at Meaux, north



Street artists in Montmartre.



east of Paris. They have ten places for visiting caravans or tents and are open at weekends only from June until September. The distance from Paris could be compensated by the potential of making French friends who can tell you which part of Paris is best suited for your interests. The address is: Le Club des Amis de Regain, Chemin des Gendarmes, Rosoy en Multien, 60620 Betz. Tel 44 87 35 90.

But back to Paris and no matter how naturist-minded you are, it's possible you want to go for the full romantic weekend in a hotel, because let's face it, camping lacks a certain je ne sais quoi when it comes to romance.

The Hôtel Claret at 44 Boulevard de Percy, 75012 Paris (Tel: 46 28 41 31) has rooms from £30 to £60 which may seem expensive but remember in France you pay for the room rather than per person. Breakfast is extra at around £3 and the restaurant provides a lunch or dinner menu from £6.50. But parking could be a problem as there is no hotel car park.

The three star Hotel de Banville is another smart establishment near the centre of Paris. Rooms are around £55 to £60 per night and breakfast is £3.50. Although there is no restaurant in the hotel itself, there are plenty to choose from in the neighbourhood. The address is: 166 Boulevard Berthier, 75017 Paris (Tel: 42 67 70 16).

It is possible to find hotels much cheaper and to find these you can write to the Office du Tourisme, 127 Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris 8. You can write in English and let them know which area you want to stay in and the maximum you wish to pay for a double room.

We stayed at a friendly and extraordinarily cheap hotel in the Dupleix area of Paris. Four years ago we had a family room which was actually two interconnecting rooms with a washbasin at £26 for the four of us including breakfast. Whether the hotel is still the same, I couldn't say but if you don't mind basic accommodation and want to try your luck, the address is: Hotel Mon Reve, 76 Avenue Felix-Faure, 75015 Paris. (Tel: (I) 45 54 35 63) and say hello to the cat for me.

WELCOME TO H&E"'S TRIO

Two's company, three's a crowd, they say. But dozens make up the happy crowd you get on an H&E holiday. Join us!



H&E Readers' Holidays always attract a good crowd. This year we're pleased to offer **three main holidays**, as well as a couple of extra offerings. For full details of all venues in 1993, **send a stamped addressed envelope** to : H&E Holidays, 28 Charles Square, Pitfield Street, London, N1 6HT.

IRENE'S PEEP SHOW

She treated men like dirty laundry and they loved it ... Irene Jones-Hoppe remembers the hot times with a flame-haired friend

hen I answered the phone one morning and heard Cathy's curiously gravelly voice through the receiver, I wondered what mischief she was going to embroil me in next.

She was a small girl with a compact, tough, sexy little body, waist-length, copper-coloured hair, curious light brown eyes and enough freckles to pebble a beach. A truthful friend of mine once grumbled, when she had arrived at my home one morning much the worse for wear after an all night party.

'Boy! you look like someone shot at you and missed, then shit on you and hit.'

She had a personality that stopped men in their tracks and deflated their egos. Cathy treated men like dirty laundry and they loved it.

'Guess where I'm going Friday night?' She launched down the wire that morning.

'Surprise me - you always seem to.'
'I talked the bouncer at the Sahara Club
out of a free ticket to the opening of the
new male stripper show.'

'Cathy, you've been on naturist swims with me and seen plenty of naked men. Why would you want to go and see males bumping and grinding to music dressed in G-strings?'

'That's different, men swimming around naked aren't a turn-on. These guys are hot and really built.'

'I thought you were a prude - you wouldn't even remove your bikini bottoms,' I teased.

Ithough Cathy had swum with me she had been too self-conscious to remove everything. A pity, for those people who doubted the bright colour of her hair would have believed its naturalness if they had seen her matching pubis.

'You go and enjoy yourself, give me a blow by blow account afterwards, please. I'm just curious about men who strip for a living.' I hung up. She was back on the phone an hour later.

'Guess where you're going Friday evening.' She crowed triumphantly.

'I'm absolutely not!'

'Yes you are. I cadged another free ticket. Consider it an early birthday treat.'

'You took me out for my last birthday and I found myself trapped with a zillion screaming maniacs at a Grateful Dead concert. Adios muchacha, and NO THANKS!' I firmly replaced the phone.

Cathy seemed to know most of the girls queuing outside The Sahara Club on the evening of the show. Calls of 'Cathy, what's happening! Isn't this a scream', rang out as they flocked like colourful

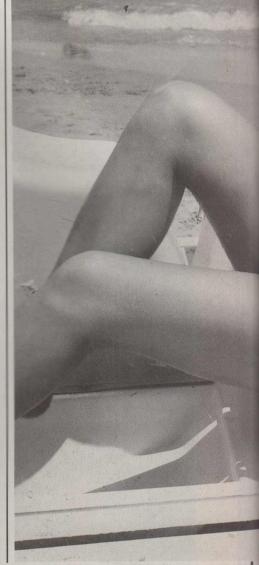
flamingos during the mating season. Even the waiters were dressed, or rather undressed for the occasion in a white collar with black bow tie, bare chests and short shorts. As more and more enthusiastic women crowded in, the atmosphere became electric.

The Sahara Club had a patio with a floodlit '8' shaped pool with a small Japanese bridge over the waist of the '8'. This was the outdoor, floodlit venue for the show

At dusk a tape of the 'A' Team theme tune started playing and four young men appeared dressed as commandos. After strutting around threatening squealing girls with their machine guns, they pulled off their uniforms with a macho flourish revealing leather fringed shorts. Their audience went wild.

he lead dancer was a tall well-built young man with shoulder length, sun streaked, blond hair and a tanned and oiled shiny torso. The best looking, to my mind, was a well muscled black man with hair in dread locks and eyes with blue eye enhanced contact lenses for a devastating effect. I can't remember the other two - I'm sure they were equally attractive, but I can only ogle two gorgeous hunks at once.

Cathy, wearing a lavender satin shorts set, her long hair shining in the multi-coloured floodlights, was soon dancing with her friends around the suggestively gyrating men as they pulled off the shorts to reveal spangled G-strings. There were several more costume changes, as the entertainers dressed as policemen and



CATHY

Red Indians. Soon women were squealing excitedly and stuffing money down the men's mini thongs. The scene had all the makings of a riot as the audience became randier. I was amazed at the dancers tolerance as they flamboyantly removed costumes, stripping and dancing without any sign of alarm. They were experts at crowd control and at no time let the situation get out of hand. Inevitably, several women fell into the pool, and were fished out like drowned rag dolls by waiters amid much ribald comments from the entertainers.

They had several encores, and it was past midnight when I dragged a reluctant Cathy away. Her long hair was tangled and face smeared with mascara from being dunked in the pool.

'Well Miss Naturist, how did that grab you?' She crowed, 'better than naked men doing the breast-stroke don't you think?'

I sighed shaking my head.

'Cathy, you're missing the point. Those men were entertainers - paid to be gorgeous hunks and excite us. That is their job and they do it well. I thoroughly enjoyed their display - it was every red-blooded woman's fantasy. You can't



holiday! How does that grab you.'

'I wish you'd stop saying that. Where ya' off to, sunny Nome, Alaska?'

'Up yours! No, Stella has a free holiday to the opening of a new hotel - you'll never guess where?'

'Surprise me.'

'The island of St. Martin in the Caribbean.'

'That's marvellous Cathy. I hope you have a wonderful time. When do you leave?'

'Next week, for ten days - I'll send you a postcard. Eat your heart out.'

I got the card. It was of a lovely, secluded sandy beach fringed with palm trees. On the back were the ominous words 'I'll deal with you when I get back home'.

I answered the ring on my front door bell with some trepidation, on the morning after Cathy's return.

'Lovely tan Cathy. I don't suppose it's all over?'

She swung at me and I ducked out of reach of her fist.

knew you were responsible. It was a rotten thing to do, getting Stella to send me to a naturist hotel without warning.' Sulkily she poured a cup of coffee. 'I'd bought three sensational swim suits to wear, then when I arrived I put one on to make a dramatic entrance at the pool, and everyone else was lounging around buck-naked.'

So, what did you do?'

'What do you think? I stripped off - I would'er stuck out like a sore thumb in a fluorescent yellow cozzie. If you can't beat them etc.'

'Then how was the rest of your holiday?'

'Magic! They had a private beach that we could sunbathe nude and have barbecues on. All the guests did dress up for the disco in the evening, and then peeled off to go skinnydipping in the pool. We had to get dressed for sightseeing around the island. Oh! and I

- a typical redhead

really compare them with naturist men.'
'Because they never stripped off

completely?'

'Partly,' I explained patiently. 'Nudity in itself is not a turn-on. Leaving something to the imagination is far sexier. I think that a naked man seems far more vulnerable than a clothed one.'

ore honest somehow.' She thought for a while as I delivered her to her door. 'Maybe there is something that I'm missing not being a naturist.'

That night I thought of an evil plan to get my own back and next day I put it into action.

Cathy was working part-time for a small travel agency as part of her college course towards a degree in Marketing and Advertising. She had introduced me to Stella, her boss, so I went to see her and told her of my plan.

'Guess where I'm going?'

'Good morning Cathy - not back to the Sahara?'

'No,' she screamed excitedly down the phone. 'The Agency has selected me to be their representative, fully paid, on a did wear my new cossies snorkelling because we went out to the public coral reef.'

'So they weren't entirely wasted.' I commented.

'But, ya' know, it's funny, I couldn't wait to get back the privacy of the pool and strip off.'

'So I made a naturist out of you after all?'

'It was nothing to do with you,' she grinned. 'Wait till I show you the photos of the adorable guy I dated - you'll flip. I thought you told me that naturist men weren't sexy!'

Wherever you find something high and dangerous looking, men and women want to climb it. But you don't have to be a hero to enjoy rock-climbing.

hy does anyone climb at all? After all, as a pastime, it is inherently dangerous, physically demanding, and can be very expensive. Then, when if you get to the top of whatever it is you are climbing, there is nothing else to do but come down again. This is usually by the much easier path that you could have taken to go up by in the first place.

But to say such things is to miss the point. Climbing isn't like other physical sports, such as jogging or swimming. People justify them as a means of

keeping fit or losing weight.

Climbing is an adventure, you don't have to justify it. You get a buzz from facing a challenge of your choosing and putting your skill and strength against the rock. It's great!

Now that I've fired your enthusiasm and you can't wait to go climbing, the first thing you want to know is how do I

start?

You could just put your old tracksuit and trainers and wander off until you find a likely looking piece of rock and start climbing it; but it wouldn't be such a great idea.

A much better idea would be to find the address of your local climbing wall; your local sports centre or reference library should be able to help here.

In the last five years artificial climbing walls have opened up all over the country and their popularity has boomed. They started off as places just to train in during the winter months, but now are used to climb on in their own right.

Like most things they range in quality from abysmal to brilliant. The larger, better run ones will often run beginners' courses in climbing techniques, ropework etc. They are an ideal place to learn as they are warm, dry, well lit and usually have good crash mats so that the novice can concentrate on climbing without fear of being hurt in the event of a fall.

ou will at this stage need to consider buying some specialist equipment. The minimum that you will need are rock boots and a chalk bag. There are many makes and designs of rock boots, and different models tend to drift in and out of fashion. Also, certain boots are best suited to particular types of rock. But overall, today's boots are so good that most of them will be perfectly adequate for 99% of the climbing that you will be doing.

The most important consideration when buying rock boots is the fit. They are meant to be tight but not agonizingly so. I know from personal experience that if you buy them too tight, your climbing



by Dave Keller

technique goes out of the window because all you can think of is the pain in your feet. Expect to pay £60 - £70 for a good pair.

The chalk bag should cost around £5. It is used to hold powdered chalk which prevents your hands sweating and lets you get a better grip on the rock. Also having one hanging around your waist does make you look wonderfully posey.

If you get into the sport more seriously, you will have to fork out for things like ropes (£80-£100), climbing harness (£40-£50), and innumerable bits if ironmongery in the way of chocks and karabiners etc., which are used when climbing to afford some protection to the climber. A fairly basic 'lead rack' as it is known will cost around £200.

There are two other pieces of equipment which, although not essential, are really worth having.

The first is a pair of iridescent skin tight lycra tights.

The second is a brightly coloured head band (especially useful for those of you with long, flowing hair for that laid-back Californian look).

These items will not help you climb any better, but will earn you several dozen cool points. If you want to be really cool you should also climb naked from the waist up to show off your rippling muscles. This should not be a problem for many of you who will probably be naked anyway.

If you want to climb, you need to be reasonably fit. Now don't panic, you don't need the endurance of a marathon runner, or a physique like Mr Universe (especially if you're a woman). But if you're 40lbs overweight and can't climb

the stairs to bed without stopping for a rest half way, then maybe rock climbing isn't for you. Consider something less physically demanding, like chess or stamp collecting.

Youth, in climbing, as in most sports, with its attendant physical resilience, is a good thing to have on your side, but it's by no means vital. I didn't start climbing until my mid thirties, and I'm now 42. But that doesn't necessarily mean, I hope, that I'm over the hill. It depends a lot on what type of climbing you want to do and at what level you want to perform.

There are several different types of climbing. There's alpine climbing on the snow covered peaks of Europe. Or rock climbing throughout the world at any degree of difficulty from Diff (Difficult) which almost anyone could tackle, to E10 (Extreme 10) which is strictly for kamikaze gymnasts.

Some people just go bouldering.
Which is to say they find a great big
boulder and climb on it, up it, along it, or

Most times a bouldering problem won't take you more than four or five feet above the ground. What is important in bouldering is not the height but the technical difficulty of the problem.

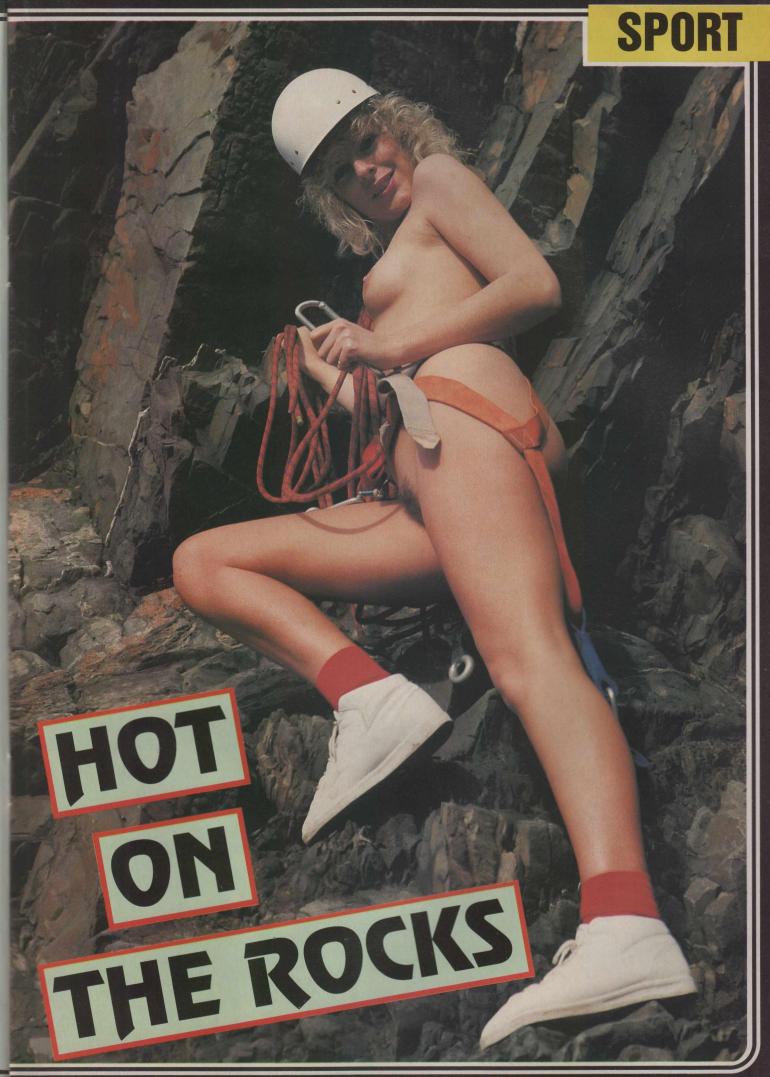
he same approach is often adopted at climbing walls, which apart from being excellent places to train and to build up stamina, can also provide limitless intellectual as well as purely physical problems. For example, how to climb a certain section of wall but only using certain specified holds for your hands and/or feet, missing out all of the others.

Some people enjoy the challenges offered by climbing walls so much that they never climb on a real rock at all. And who is to say that they are wrong or not real climbers?

Climbing means different things to different people. No one form is inherently superior to another despite what some diehard purists might maintain.

Climbing is not usually a competitive sport, although there are now climbing competitions being staged; you primarily do it for your own personal enjoyment. And whatever aspect of climbing appeals most to you is the one to go for.

So, go to it. Just let me finish with a word of caution – don't let your enthusiasm overcome your common sense. If a climb is too difficult for you, try an easier one; there is no shame in that. You cannot be an expert overnight. Remember, irrespective of whether or not you reach the top, the best climbs are the ones that you live to talk about in the pub afterwards.

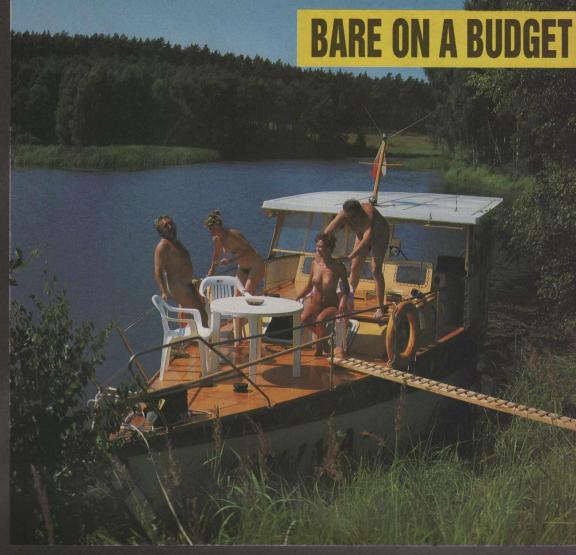




Make the most of your Natural Assets

Just because you're flat broke, you don't have to stay indoors. Going naked need not cost you a penny! By Petra Vallance.

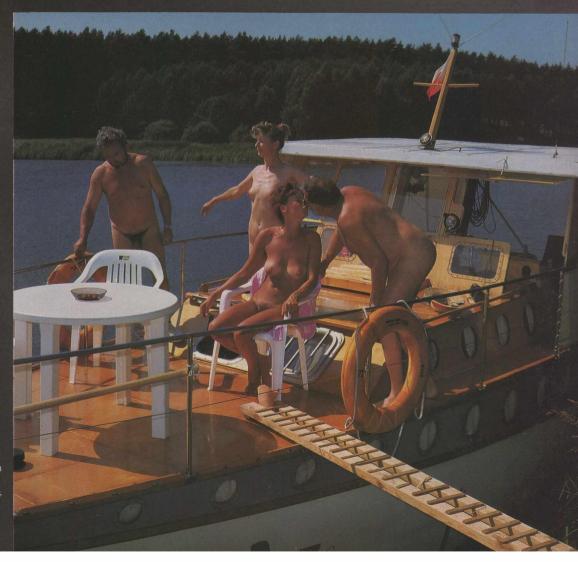




hat do you need to be a naturist? A passport to expensive resorts? A plastic card to buy airline tickets with? A sleek and fast car to carry you to out of the way spots? An endless private income?

Well it does help. But the essential requirements are even more valuable, because they are the things you cannot buy. Some of them we have already, others need cultivating. All you have to remember is, some of the richest people on the world are not naturists. They have all that pleasure within their reach – but lack the courage to reach out and take it. If you want to go nude, you are a special kind of person.

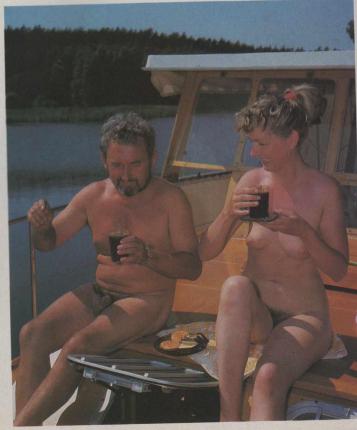
Your body is your most precious possession. You need to be proud





Naturism is more fun with friends.





30 H&E Quarterly

of it and prepared to use it for your pleasure. It's no good covering it up, neglecting it, abusing it, then sneaking off a few layers on a hot day to reveal - well, we won't go into the unpleasant details! Look after your body, and cultivate the mental attitude that allows a happy body to nourish a happy mind, and vice versa.

Naturism needs nice weather, and we all know how contrary the weather can be. Many enthusiastic naturists have become expert amateur weather forecasters, and while no one can control the great climatic forces of nature, we can be prepared to take advantage of an hour of sunshine at any time, mid-week or weekend, whether we are on holiday or not.

Unemployed and penniless people are at a great advantage here, as they never need to be stuck in an office all day, miserably watching the sun beating down outside, only to see rain pouring down at the weekend! Naturist writers suffer most from this predicament, especially when nudist friends exclaim - 'You're not a true naturist - you're as white as a sheet!'

Naturism means nature, and needs a natural open space, in the fresh air, away from it all. Let's face it, the original naturist pioneers saw a natural life for us all, tuning into the elements.





FACT FILE

These photographs were taken by Leif Heilberg on a recent trip to Poland.

Naturism in Poland, though still alive and kicking, is aparently feeling the effects of the recession as much as anywhere else.

A recent report by Poland's INF correspondent, Adam Chrzuszcz, revealed that the removal of government subsidies on leisure and sporting facilities mean that few naturists can afford to attend indoor events such as saunas or nudeswims.

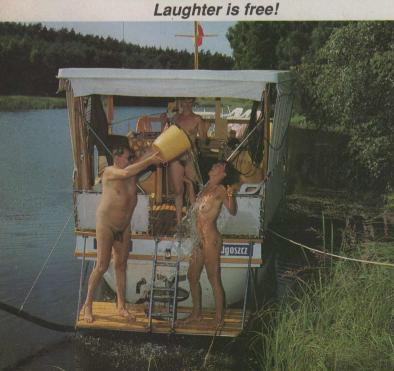
Similarly, the economic climate is such that many people are unable to afford holidays, either to camp sites in Poland or abroad.

On the social front, the Catholic Church is increasingly condemning all nudity as sinful, and this is being reinforced in schools, with the result that even children from naturist families are reticent about going nude on naturist beaches.

Nevertheless, many naturists are still active and making use of beaches, such as those at Stogi, Chalupy and Rowy, and we can only hope that conditions improve in the near future.









(In the 1930's and 1940's some naturists in France even rejected electricity, lighting their evenings with only candles and oil lamps. They forbade cars and telephones and ate only vegetables.)

Nowadays we look for a friendly farmer who won't mind if we laze naked and picnic on his land all day. If there's a lake nearby so much the better.

All rivers and canals have stretches where they meander through deserted countryside. Flinging off one's clothes, to stretch out on the warm wood (or fibreglass!) gives a wonderful sense of freedom.

If you see somebody standing on the bank staring at you – so what? Give them a friendly wave. Who knows – they may want to join in when they see how relaxed and friendly you are.

Naturism requires friends. (It's true that money can't buy you love.) The nude and naked life

spent alone is not much fun. The essence of naturism is spending your leisure time in the company of others of a like mind.

Life can be very frustrating if you have many friends but not one of them will consider the naturist life style. What to do? If you are the sort of person however, who does have many friends, and makes friends easily, you'll be very welcome in naturist circles.

So join your local organisation; get hold of some naturist magazines; write to people abroad through naturist contact lists and top up your tan in the fields and woods (if you haven't got a garden) so that you'll be ready when you naturist life starts taking off!

Now add up these four ingredients – you and your body, good weather, the open countryside and good friends, mix them up with a little imagination, and you'll have a



or most young women, sex is a mystery. At school, you learn about the facts of life. This generally involves a rather confusing discussion about periods and contraception, while all the boys are ushered from the room by a male teacher, to learn something equally mysterious. This, coupled with the obligatory biology lesson with the dissected rat (yuch!) is, for many girls, the only formal instruction into sexuality they receive.

During break time, all the boring theories are turned on their heads by friends who know different. Sex is frightening, exciting, dangerous, to be sought after and, most importantly, to be avoided whenever possible. Speculating, talking and thinking about sex is expected, but any girl who 'does it' is a tart, a slag, and immediately gets a reputation for being 'that kind of

TEAN DREAMS



girl' - the subject of whispered rumours.

This confusion is recreated in the media, from teen magazines to films, and is not helped by the way that sex is treated at home. Parents are often too embarrassed to discuss the subject with their offspring and questions are ignored or even discouraged. No wonder sex is so mysterious!

For many girls, the first taste of sex is often a huge let-down. Especially if the male is just as inexperienced. The great moment, the subject of much discussion, deliberation and daydreaming, is just a rather painful and awkward episode which leaves her thinking, 'Is that it?'. Happily, things do generally get better, and curiosity returns renewed.

ne of the best things about your first sexual experiences is the adventure – discovering how your own body responds to new sensations, tastes and ideas, as well as finding out what your partner likes, and how they like it. If we were all provided with a step-by-step guide to sex, with instructions much like a do-it-yourself manual (fit tab A into slot B), all the wonder and enigma of those first encounters would disappear and sex could well become simply a means of reproduction, rather than a way of expressing love, pleasure and companionship.

Once you've started doing it, and found out how much fun it is, you want to do it everywhere – not just in the bedroom, and the weirder the place, the better. A recent survey among my friends revealed that, between us, we'd done it all over the place, from vaguely unusual locations (in the shower, on the beach), to the downright bizarre (in the boardroom, on a pool table, even on the top deck of a bus)!

Again, this is all part of the great adventure, and the excitement which derives from it comes, not just from the novelty of sex in a different environment, but also from the fact that unusual places are often more public, and therefore have greater risk attached. The chance of being found out can be a great turn-on for many women.

Once the novelty of doing it at all has worn off, and quality becomes more important than quantity, communication plays a very important part. Neither partner is likely to be a mind-reader.

Talking to each other is the only way you



CAROLYN KNOTT remembers the first bite of the sexual apple

can find out what turns you on - and off. The last thing you want to do is to turn round, ten years down the line, and say, 'actually darling, I've always hated it when you suck my toes'.

It is difficult to tell your partner that certain aspects of love-making aren't working without it sounding like a direct criticism, but it's always better to clear the air early than to brood over something for years.

Another aspect of a young woman's sexlife which suddenly appears is the One Night Stand. I want to say something now which may cause a intake of breath - one night stands are very useful.

'What?' I hear you cry. 'In these days of safe-sex and monogamy, you're saying we should all be sleeping around?' Not as such - and if you do, take the obvious precautions.

owever, when sex is a new and interesting prospect, it is perfectly natural to feel curious and to wonder if sex is different, or better, with every new and interesting man you meet. Some experimentation is necessary, if only to relieve yourself of this curiosity. I have often read letters in agony aunt columns along the lines of 'the only man I have ever slept with is my husband of twenty years, and now I am beginning to wonder what it would be like to sleep with other men'. Poor woman - if only she had taken the time to discover these things when she was younger.

For, contrary to the stories we read in girlie magazines, where all strangers have a powerful sexual chemistry and share mind-blowing simultaneous orgasms, the reality is, I'm afraid to say, rather different.

You're both too tipsy, probably a little embarrassed. If you go to his place you'll see his dirty socks next to the bed and he won't have any milk for your coffee.

Your place, though perfectly tidy (and he doesn't notice anyway) will seem like a pigsty and your worries about the fluff under the bed will detract from your enjoyment of the proceedings.

The sex itself will be hurried, as you both struggle to reach orgasm – with you trying to get there first so you don't miss out and end up frustrated. In the morning you'll have a hangover, your make-up will have smeared itself unflatteringly across your face and, in the cold light of day with a new growth of stubble, your handsome hunk from last night has become Mr. Slob.

Try and explain all this to a young, starryeyed woman teetering on the edge of her first sexual adventure and the chances are, she won't listen. The kindest thing you can do is let her find out for herself. (One final note about one-night stands: they're not all destined for failure - a one-off date I had four years ago is now a wonderful

It is, of course, interesting to note that one night stands are based around one premise - that women are going to get laid before they get married. This is something which, thirty or forty years ago, would not have been expected (though I'm under no doubt that it happened anyway).

In those days, you wore a virginal white wedding dress and you meant it. These days, it is almost unknown for a woman to have marriage before sex - friends of mine who intend to wait until their wedding night are, at best seen as eccentric, at worst, they are thought of as ill.

The following story illustrates this. A friend of mine received a letter from her local clinic asking her to go along for a smear test, as their records showed that, at twenty-six, she had never had one. On arrival, she explained to the nurse that she had never needed one, as she had never had sex.

'A virgin at your age?' cried the nurse. 'Would you like me to arrange a counselling session for you?' The poor girl had to explain that she had no psychological barriers to sex - it was just that the opportunity had never presented itself. Isn't it strange that a situation which was once the norm is now viewed as exceptional?

Today's young woman has a sexual freedom such as she has never known before. She is free to choose her sexual partners. She can go into a chemists (or a supermarket or a record shop) and buy a supply of condoms - in a discreet floral packaging especially designed for her, if she so desires

The magazines she reads tell her that good sex is her right - she should demand and expect it. She has the protection of medical care to check regularly for possible problems, and pregnancy can wait until she is ready for it to happen.

With all of this behind her, she can have a fulfilling sex-life which will continue for her entire life, or as long as she wants it.

PRIME

xactly how old is middle aged anyway? If we live to be seventy, youngsters argue, then 35 is the middle of life and therefore middle-aged, but people of 55 tell me in another ten years they'll be prepared to settle down into 'middle-aged' attitudes.

This is the vast unexplored area when youth is left behind but we have not yet retired from public and working life.

The middle years are the prime of life, when men make their major achievements and women bloom like ripe fruit. It's a wonderful time.

We see naturist men, bronzed and sexy like gods, with presence and charisma, and naturist women striding about in the full glory and power of knowledgeable womanhood.

Emotionally and sexually, we are all supposed to have mature and responsible attitudes towards personal relationships and even be able to offer counselling to others. We're never supposed to be so tired of all these demands that we collapse into bed at night, to tired to even think about love-making.

If you get divorced, or if circumstances have left you alone, you'll find sexual relationships a completely different ballgame from when you were young.

Maybe you think you've got a problem because the familiarity of your partner is breeding a certain good-humoured contempt – but that problem is nothing compared to the one of finding a new love when you are over fifty.

Women can find this especially difficult. You don't get whistled at in the street, nor do you get Romeos leaping off their bikes and thrusting bunches of roses into your arms when you are grey-haired and taking your grandchildren for a walk.

Men do have the advantage of being able to impress possible partners of all ages with their wealth, power and position. Women have to impress new men with their looks, clothes and attitudes.

Love in middle-age can be beset with problems. Every person, and every couple is different in their own way, and must find their own route to solve these problems. Once you've reassured your spouse you're not too tired to make love, or you've solved the problem of 'finding

somebody to do it with' and you finally get between the sheets, what then?

This is where you come into your own! You've had years of practise. You've got staying power. You understand your own body and how it works, you probably understand the workings of the bodies of the opposite sex too. You are finely tuned like a violin. You've experimented in the past so you know, for example, how long you can last or the best way of having oral sex.

Problems arising are often psychological, especially for the conventional couple where the man is as much as ten, fifteen or twenty years older than the woman. Situations where the man loses his job, while the woman takes strides in her career, often lead to impotence for the male. He feels his masculinity is injured if she becomes stronger than him; if she takes the sexual lead in their love-making, he may well find her demanding.

Both partners need to explore the deep but old fashioned ideas from their past and make a new start. Easier said than done. Both partners need much reassurance from each other that they are still loved, wanted and needed.

eanwhile, a woman past the change of life may feel that sex is not worthwhile if she's no longer fertile, and finds she loses her libido.

It's strange that a woman who finds contraception tedious all her life feels odd that she can no longer conceive. A restrictive upbringing may have given her the idea that sex is for making babies, and pleasure for pleasure's sake is immoral. She also needs to re-learn her attitudes to life and love.

Some women feel the loss of their good looks keenly, and after years of making uninhibited love in the sunlight, now feel ashamed of the bodies and want to cower under the sheets with the light off. These attitudes may come as a surprise to the naturist couple. Running around the club in a family atmosphere feels far safer than being open to the scrutiny of a lover.

One woman I know can hardly bear to get undressed in front of her new lover, even though she has been a naturist and glamour model all her life.





Naturists can solve the problem at a stroke. At a sun club, one can always see bodies even older and more wrinkled than one's own. Often one thinks; 'Maybe my old body isn't so bad after all'.

f you are in really bad shape, due to years of drinking, smoking and lounging in front of the TV, you've nobody to blame except yourself. Who wants to make love to a fat podgy partner, smelling of booze and gasping for breath like a stranded whale?

Our current society is so based on stereotyped and unreal images of what beautiful people look like, it's hard for many of us in middle years to realise that it's not the body that makes us sexy, but the way we use it. With our skill and experience, we can wow in bed while younger people are still fumbling and

Many marriages flounder in middle age because one or both partners suffer from lack of self-confidence in an aging body, and take a new young lover. Suddenly the intense radiance of romantic love is recaptured, and along with it, a sense of

They have wild flings, giving up everything to be with the new one who

has inspired them to such heights. Often a marriage is ended, a new one began, a new home organised, a new life hectically

articularly if there are children, the lives of other people are disrupted too, but the sense of a new meaning to life is so strong it cannot be resisted, and every consideration of

Then the chickens come home to roost. Once familiar, the new marital home can become as boring as the last. The new love, now established as the old, becomes suspicious and untrusting, knowing that a loving spouse was betrayed once before. There's a sense of loss that was never noticed before, and the new love suddenly seems a stranger, somebody hardly

Solving sexual problems by breaking up a marriage can lead to even greater problems. It's worth trying to put some spice back into a stale relationship. Work through all the psychological and mid-life crisis type problems that are dogging your foot steps. Do something new - together.

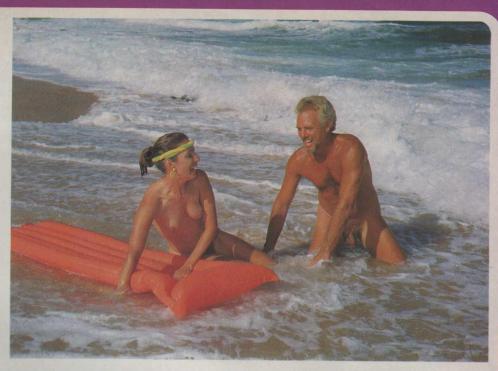
If you want to grow contented and relaxed in the years you have left, it pays to put in the ground work in those middle



advance, and do a messy clean-up job afterwards (even when you didn't induge). And condoms are a definite turn off. Just when you're really poker hot you have to wait those interminable moments whilst he fiddles about with that little packet and covers will with his raincoat. Please don't write in and say why didn't I put it on him – that's instant cool down for me. I never could stand the smell of rubber. And how do you manage oral sex with those things getting in the way?

Even taking the Pill had its drawbacks. (You could forget to take it!)

owadays there are a lot of women who don't like pumping extra hormones into their bodies. No matter how clever we were with contraception it was always a relief when our periods arrived and we





knew contraception had been successful. And there's a contradiction; some women feel more randy during their period but precious few men ar willing to indulge then. No such problem when you no longer have periods.

What are the drawbacks? Dryness of the vagina can be a bit of a pain sometimes, but KY Jelly from the chemist will soon sort that out. And just think of those lovely moist, juicy fingers sliding their exploratory way around your hidden delights – sheer bliss

If you don't mind a few extra hormones, then Hormone Replacement Therapy is the answer – brings back a moist vagina and protects against osteoporosis (brittle bones) into the bargain.

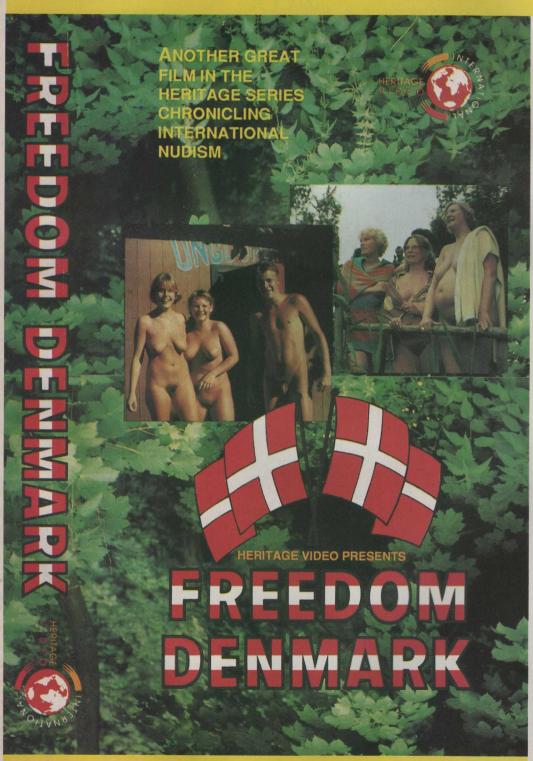
You can forget your dry problem anyway for sex doesn't have to be vaginal. Too many people are set in monotonous sexual routine by middle age. Now's the time to try experimenting.

et him bring you manually to orgasm and then place his penis between your boobs and deposit his life giving liquid there. It's full of protein and will do wonders for your skin.

Buy yourself a red satin basque and black fish net stockings – have fun seducing him. Treat him to a leather studded pouch.

Browse through all those books on eroticism you've probably kept off your book shelves because of the children. The rest of your life is now YOUR time to take the time to enjoy sex as you have never been able to before.

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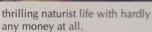
JM, London

"I'd never thought much about Denmark -Now I've just got to go there!

JB, Manchester

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How do you get there? Many naturists rely on their cars. You can hardly get a bus to remote places that nobody else goes to. You'll find however, that most naturists will offer you a lift – but don't expect it all the way.

Get hold of train and bus timetables from your local library. You'll find that one route at least will end just a mile or two from either the chosen destination, or the home of someone else who is going, or a local land mark they are bound to pass on their way. I have met people at railway stations two miles from the club gates, at motorway junctions and service stations, and outside newsagents at the corner of their road.

'Green' people nowadays are travelling by bike. Why pollute the environment when your own energy can get you where you want to go? (Your health improves as well). You can even

get small folding bikes that can go on trains, in the boots of cars, on airplanes.

They also come in useful on the spot – when someone has forgotten the milk for the picnic and you can offer to pop down to the shop on your bike for it. Make yourself useful and no one will care if you've got no money.

You don't need many clothes for the naturist life but as sunbathing will be one of your main activities, you'll need some sort of sunoil or sunscreen, at least in the beginning. There are two schools of thought on this. One is that no one can afford to risk skin cancer, however easily cured it is, so you must buy the very best oil/screen you can. The other is to 'forget' to bring it and ask to borrow somebody else's.

Another essential sunbathing item is something to lie on. Even if you could afford all the smart sun-loungers in the world, you wouldn't be able to carry them



Save water ...



Shower with friends!







Many activities are absolutely free!



'Why can't we do this all

in your rucksack, so a light weight straw mat is ideal, with a towel, or simply a towel on its

The second favourite activity of naturists, after sun bathing, is eating and drinking. A little forethought will mean no one goes to an expensive restaurant – there might not be one nearby anyway.

It may be boring making sandwiches before you set off – they only get squashed and soggy in the bottom of the rucksack anyway – but take something that you can share with others. A mixed bag of fruit, or nuts and crisps, or even some canned salads and fish all go down well with a fresh loaf.

Something home made is always welcome, as it implies much thought for the pleasure of others. One woman I know is always popular at naturist gatherings. She makes her own home-made wine. When it's ready she doesn't bottle it, but just puts a large cork in the neck of the demi-john and takes the whole thing off on naturist jaunts. Everyone thinks it will last the whole weekend, but the heavy container tends to slip when pouring it into the beakers ... the first day of the excursion is always the best for everyone!















SIZZLING DAYS IN 0Z

pipe to cool me down. And though a hose pipe can be great fun I am more than happy to say that our swimming pool was now in place.

What more was there to ask for? We now have our own nudist retreat in a country which has the perfect climate for such a life style.

There was one possible snag. A 6ft high tin fence gave us privacy on one side of the garden and at the bottom. We used to be separated from our neighbours on the other side by a very thick, high hedge, but on our last visit the hedge had become thin and see-through. This could present problems.

he answer was to make friends with the neighbours, which is always a good idea. So, a knock on the door and a couple of hours later we are all good buddies.

They know I like 'skinny-dipping' and nude sunbathing and aren't at all put out by what they see through the hedge.

Making friends had some good spin-offs, as I subsequent spent many happy hours

playing piano duets with Jane, the wife. When they joined us for drinks we were kept enthralled hearing about their younger working lives, when they had farmed over two million acres of Northern Territory.

For those of us living in Europe it is virtually impossible to visualise the vastness of this continent of Australia. The whole of the UK would fit into the smallest state of Victoria. If Australia is superimposed on a map of Europe it covers not only the obvious European countries but also a large portion of what was until recently the USSR.

The distances which need to be covered in Australia are sometimes prohibitive to say the least.

That's why I am pleased to be able to enjoy an individual naturist life style. There are naturist groups about; they are listed in 'Bare Facts' (obtainable from H&E). But if naturism is your reason for visiting Australia you should choose your place to stay according to the proximity of naturist facilities.

It is no use just holidaying wherever

takes your fancy and then looking around for the local nudies. Unless you want to spend all your lovely time in the sunshine sitting in an oppressively hot vehicle, driving along dusty roads to reach them.

My 'local group' in Wagga Wagga disbanded a few years ago and the remnants have moved further afield, so it's definitely a DIY job for us now.

The nudist movement in Australia seems to be having a hard time lately. Two of Sydney's popular naturist beaches have been closed 'due to voyeurs'. It's bad enough when the occasional oddball finds his way onto the nudist beach and causes trouble, but now beaches are closed because of oddballs off the beach.

If people don't like us taking our clothes off on the beach, they should just stay away. Why punish the naturists by taking their beach away? They weren't the ones misbehaving. Still life is not fair.

e saw quite a bit of Australia this time. On our 500 mile drive into the Outback to an opal mining area we just about encountered everything.

We negotiated our way through two lots of cattle with their drovers and one lot of sheep. We drove along the road with flood water both sides; it's either boiling hot or sending out torrents of rain out there.

We came across a lone man walking along in the middle of nowhere with five or six camels roped together behind him.

In one small place, we found ourselves looking at the moon through a telescope made from an old chimney from a sheep shearer's shed. (Retired Aussie farmers do some surprising things).

Eventually we found ourselves in the Bush township of Dubbo the very same day that Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip were gracing the town with their presence. We stopped by and joined the crowds to welcome them. Fancy, I journeyed half way around the world and found myself closer to The Queen than I have ever been in London. I wonder what surprises Australia will have in store for me on my next visit?



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LIARS HOW OLD DID YOU SAY YOU WERE?

1. It's 10p.m. You're settled on the settee with your coffee. All of a sudden the phone rings. Do you think:

a Go away!

b Oh no, don't tell me someone's going to ask me out at this time of night.

c Crumbs, is my party gear clean and ready to go?

d Thank God someone still cares about me.

2. You've agreed to help at a charity fete down at the local club. Will you:

a Man the tea stall.

b Be in the stocks for the wet sponge throwing.

c Pretend you're ill.

d Go and make sure you organise everyone else.

3. Out of the blue, your nearest and dearest says your love life is boring. They suggest a bit of rôle playing to spice it up. Will you:

a Tell them you've just been waiting for the suggestion to come from them and find the cowboy suit in the attic.

b Go one better and suggest a visit to the fetish shop next day. c Give them the address of the nearest adult education drama class. d Make and appointment to see a guidance counsellor to sort them out.

4. You're relaxing on the beach. Suddenly, you feel a cold shock as an ice cream cone lands on your stomach. You jump to your feet to discover that the owner of the ice cream cone is a real stunner. Will you:

a Tell them to learn to be more careful in future.

Do you still jump guiltily when your mum comes in as you're pinching a biscuit out of the tin? Are you heard to utter groovy, absolutely top hole, or a gas? Forget what your mum told you, fill out the quiz and we'll tell you your real age.

b Smile and tell them you really don't mind, then go back to your lazing.

c Get up and chase them around the beach, and, if possible throw them in the sea then make a date.
d Ask to speak to their parents.

5. In a Greek Hotel, someone asks you if you'd like a drink. Will you order:

a A beer, a cider, a lager, or a glass



You're never too old to have fun.

of a wine you recognise. b A sherry.

c A cocktail with a flower and a couple of umbrellas stuck in it. d Ask for a surprise.

6. It's a cold winter evening. You and your lover are watching television. They make the first move towards sex on the hearth rug.

Trouble is, there's no fire. Will you: a Throw yourself into the scene with extra vigour to compensate for the

low temperature, thinking you must not waste the opportunity.

b Rush off for the continental quilt, then make a game out of making love under that.

c Rush off for a jumper, and put the kettle on.

d Not think twice about it, just enjoy it.

7. You're out for a walk with your lover in the park. It's snowing. They pick up a large handful of snow and stuff it down your neck. Do you:

a Chase them all round the park, catch them and collapse, laughing into the snow.

b Retaliate with a larger, harder snowball.

c Moan like hell. d Run like hell.

8. Your lover goes out for the evening without telling you. When they come back, it's obvious they've been out for a drink. Do you:

a Shout and scream and demand to know who they met there, then continue to bring the matter up for weeks on end.

b Ask why they didn't mention it to you.

c Go straight out yourself without a word of explanation.

d Feel too tired to give a stuff.

9. The flat's a tip, you've not been to bed before the small hours for a week, you've got a business appointment in the morning and your Visa is over its limit. You suddenly remember you asked an old friend over for the evening. Do you:

a Cancel the friend.

b Cancel the business appointment. c Cancel everything and go to bed. d Rush out and buy a bottle, your friend's favourite CD, and a take away meal on Visa.

e Tidy the flat, make a meal, see the friend, make some notes for the next day's appointment, go to bed at three a.m., and successfully negotiate your way through a tricky business deal at the morning's meeting.

	a	b	С	d	е
1	0	1	2	0	-
2	1	2	0	1	-
3	2	1	0	0	-
4	0	1	2	0	-
5	1	0	0	2	-
6	1	1	0	2	-
7	2	1	0	2	
8	2	1	2	0	-
9	1	2	0	2	*

TIME TO SCORE

O-5 What a boring old fogey! Lighten up and enjoy life, will you? You're about 110

6-10 Seems that you've forgotten what fun can be somewhere along the line. Forget responsibility once in a while, or you'll be stuck in that 55 year old rut for ever.

11 - 16 Whatever your real age, you're happily muddling along with the outlook on life of a 30 - 35 year old.

16 - 19 Ninety or nineteen, it seems that every day is your 18th!

20 You're still growing up...

* Whatever your age, you're certainly a liar through and through.



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SALLY REEVES takes her old camper van for a naturist holiday in France

his summer we decided to have a camping holiday in France in our 'new', 12 year old Volkswagen camper van. We planned to incorporate naturist sites with textile sites on the route to and from the south.

We wanted to visit certain areas of France such as The Loire, The Venise Verte and the Dordorgne and wanted to avoid driving too far out of our way so decided that the location of the site would be as important as whether it were naturist or not.

The only problem with swapping between naturist and textile sites is that we were inclined to forget where we were and start stripping off in the wrong venue. The difference is so noticeable, with the great pleasure of getting up in the mornings and jumping straight outside without the effort of struggling into clothes.

You could probably plan a whole route through France staying on naturist sites, using the book from the French Tourist Board, the Phil Vallack books and other similar publications.

We feel that the camper van has some advantages over caravans and tents. It is instantly set up, we only need to raise the roof which takes less than a minute.

Richard at Domaine de Chaudeau.

We have an awning which is useful in hot places when you need some shade. We also have a small tent which is good both for keeping the pitch when you want to go off in the van and for storing things you need to get out of the van to make more room.

We put things in there like shoes, books, clothes, chairs, table, beach umbrella and water carrier. Space is at a real premium and it helps for everything to have its place.

Vans are comfortable for sitting, sleeping, cooking and eating and instantly accessible if it rains or is cold.

Some people seem to have the idea that naturists are extra hardy and continue to be nude when it's blowing a gale. We explain that they usually have tracksuits like everyone else and were all wearing them when we arrived in Cap d'Agde in the wind and rain.



Wheeling and Peeling in France

You are also able to manoeuvre on most roads, including steep, winding, mountainous roads which we are told by caravan owners can be a nightmare when towing.

We consider that two of our best purchases are a small fridge and a porta potti. We can have ice in our already cold drinks, chilled white wine and then don't have to get out of the van in the middle of the night to get rid of them!

The van cost us £3,500, the awning £60 and the tent £28. In Britain, an old VW van like ours is often of interest to people. We have had several nostalgic

conversations with people who have come up to us and said, 'We had one of those when the children were small and we had such good times in it.' VW owners even wave to each other when they pass on the road.

In Cap d'Agde, our van didn't merit a second glance, even for its curiosity value. We did a survey and decided we were among the five oldest vans on the whole huge site.

People did look at our brown plastic bucket which we used to collect the sink drainage water, presumably because it was so primitive to them!



Cap d'Agde breakfast.

Campers from European countries seemed to have very up-to-date vehicles with elaborate, brightly coloured awnings with curtains and numerous zips to undo one bit or another. They also travel with huge amounts of equipment.

The Dutch people opposite us had at least eight chairs of different sizes and degrees of comfort just for the two of them. Hanging baskets of flowers adorned some of the awnings, fresh or dried flower arrangements on tables, garden umbrellas, hammocks, swinging settees and barbecues are all part of the scene.

We take two upright garden chairs and a camping table with adjustable legs which is good for uneven camp-sites, total cost £25.

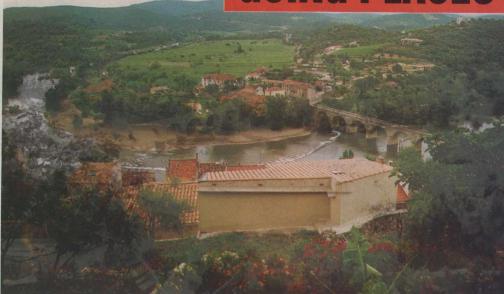
Before reaching Cap d'Agde, we stayed at the Domaine de Chaudeau, a naturist site near Bergerac in the Périgord. It is situated right out in the country on 70 hectares of land (hectare equals approximately 2.5 acres). It has meadowland, woods with sunny clearings, two lakes, one with a sandy beach for swimming and boating, the other for fishing, and a swimming pool.

We found the site in the French Tourist Board book, 'France, a land for all naturisms' and thought it was beautifully located and very peaceful, but not for those wanting a busy night life with bars and restaurants.

One evening we rowed out to the middle of the lake in one of the small boats which lie around on the beach for anyone to use.

We were the only people there, the sun was setting and suddenly a loud croaking chorus of frogs started up out of the silence. We rowed around, trying to see one but every time we approached a croak, it stopped completely.

GOING PLACES



Roquebrun and the river Orb.



Historic Carcassonne.



We had a lovely pitch overlooking the lake. You are given the choice when you arrive of lake, open grass or wooded area and pitches are allocated. The site seems spacious and not at all crowded, with large pitches, although it was not full when we were there in June.

Cap d'Agde was totally different with many more people, smaller pitches and more expensive. By the time we left in mid July it was completely full, with people queuing up outside for pitches, so it would be worth booking if you are thinking of going in the peak season. Again pitches were allocated on arrival although we did not find this a general trend elsewhere in France.

'We noticed a lot more pierced parts than last time.'

We feel that we go to Cap d'Agde for sun, sea, sand and naturism rather than quiet, space and beautiful scenery. But the weather was not as good as we expected for the Mediterranean in summer, with rain and wind making several of our days textile days, much to our disappointment.

It is a wonderful place for people watching, as many readers will know. There is a continuous beach parade along the edge of the water, weather permitting, and a night time parade, generally clothed, around the naturist complex.

Regular 'sightseers' from Marseillan-Plage came wandering up the beach, never managing to look unobtrusive in their clothes. We sometimes passed the time by staring at them as though they were the ones on show.

We had some discussions between ourselves and other British people about the usual topics. Where do you go to get your nipples and genitals pierced? We couldn't imagine walking into our local department store or jewellers in Southampton and saying, 'Do you do nipples etc.?'

We noticed that there were decidedly more pierced parts than when we last visited in 1987. Smallish gold rings seem to be the fashion, with the occasional female chain, one with a little heart shaped lock on it.



Richard, Sally and their trusty van.

Several people had three rings, one in each nipple and one in the genitals, most noticeably a rather large, hairy man who walked up and down the beach on his own, looking to see who was looking at him and grinning broadly.

We thought there were less tattoos, although one man had a large, twirling, fiery dragon encircling one buttock. As always, we wondered if he will like it as much when he's fifty or sixty.

The tattoo examples book in the tattoo parlour caused a lot of interest, with several people at a time examining it every evening, but we never saw anyone having one done. We were fascinated by the photo of a plant with flowers and tendrils which appeared to grow from a shaved pubes to wind and curve up around the stomach.

We wondered why there were various titillating goods for sale in the naturist complex. There is a Cuvée Sexy wine with a naked woman draped suggestively across the label, innumerable sexy postcards and very sexy clothes such as see-through vests, shirts, skirts and dresses

and elaborate leather cut away gear like armour and underwear.

Strip tease shows are advertised, but why does anyone want to see a strip tease in the evening in a naturist centre where everyone's naked all day long?

We pondered about whether there is an assumption that naturists are into sex more or whether there are a lot of people there just because of that aspect. Quite a few people do dress very provocatively in the evenings, almost as though they have to reach new boundaries of daring because just nakedness is so commonplace.

Somehow a short leather skirt with

'Why does anyone want to see a striptease at a naturist centre?'

nothing on underneath and buttocks peeping out as she bent to look at postcards was rather less attractive on a plump older woman than if she had been doing it nude.

The word spread about a pair of elderly Frenchmen well in their seventies who were there with two very young women. They were to be seen on their balcony at night, laughing and drinking, with the women dancing around in stockings, suspenders and low cut bras. The spirit of naturism?

But we took it all as part of life's rich pattern and sat watching the naturist world go by, idly wondering what is the best way to ride a bicycle naked while carrying a baguette.

The first experience of naturism, the van and France but certainly not the last. We are returning later in the year for more. Provence, here we come!

FACT FILE

Useful addresses:

French Government Tourist Office, 178 Piccadilly, London, WI (Tel: 071 491 7622) for useful booklet 'France, a land for all naturisms' with 46 sites listed.

Central Council for British Naturism, Assurance House, 35-41 Hazelwood Road, Northampton NNI ILL. Sites do ask for membership card on arrival. **Sites:**

Domaine de Chaudeau, 24700 Saint Geraud de Corps. (Tel: 53 82 49 64). Cost per night for van and two people, 49 francs. Centre Heliomarin Oltra, BP 545 - 34305 Cap d'Agde. (Tel: 67 26 32 89). Cost per night for van and two people, 86 francs.

Other Costs:

Brittany Ferries, Portsmouth to Caen, night crossings including cabin for two with shower and toilet, £275 return (one mid and one high season crossing). Petrol, we spent approximately £200 but we travelled around a lot and did 1750 miles.

For nude facts, fun and fantasy, you need every issue!



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TATOT

We list the national organisations under each country. Write to them for further details enclosing stamps or an international reply coupon. Note that the addresses printed are often for information only, not the actual address of the grounds. Please, clubs, advise us of any changes!

ECTOR

INTERNATIONAL **NATURIST FEDERATION** (INF)

St. Hubertusstraat 3, B-2600 Berchem/ Antwerpen, Belgium.

ARGENTINA

National Organisation: NAT, Casilla de Correo 2560, 1000 Buenos Aires, Argentina,

AUSTRALIA

Tindo Nat Club Inc., GPO Box 92, Adelaide,

Australian Nudist Information Bureau: P.O Box 136, Hawthorn, Australia 3122

International Organisation: Australian Nudist Federation, P.O. Box 268, Belconnenact 2616, Australia.

River Island Nature Retreat, P.O. Box 456, Mittagong, NSW, Australia 2049.

Syney Sun and Social Club: P.O.Box 100, Dulwich Hill. Australia 2203.

AUSTRIA

National Organisation: ÖNV, Postfach 88, A-

BELGIUM

National Organisation: FBN, Postbus 66, 1000

Club Belvedere, La Coul, 152, 4580 Aubel De Spar, Volhardingstraat 67, B-2020 Antwerpen.

Gravensteen, P.O. Box 245, B-9000 Gent. Heidegouw, P.O. Box 13, B-3500 Hasselt. Helios, P.O. Box 1185, B-1000 Bruxelles.

Le Perron, P.O. Box 169, B-4000 Liege

Pheobus, Rue de la Paix 44, Vredestraat 44, B 1050 Bruxelles

Plein-Ciel, c/o Raoul Jouan, rue de la Cite 40, B-4410 Vottem

BRAZIL

National Organisation: Federacao Brasileira de Naturismo, Caixa Postal 272, 88330 Bal de Comboriu S.C., Brazil.

BRITAIN

National Organisation: British Naturism Assurance House, 35-41 Hazelwood Road, Northampton. NN1 1LL.

CLUBS (CCBN members)

Adventurers Sun Club, c/o British Naturism Apollo Sun Club, c/o CCBN at above address Ashdene Sun Club, 500 Elland Road. Elland, West Yorkshire, HX5 9JF

Aztecs Sun Club, Crawley, West Susse

Blackthorns, Riseley Road, Sharnbrook, Bedford MKAA INF

Bournemouth and District Outdoor Club, Matchams Drive, Matchams, Ringwood Hants BH24 2BU.

Brighton Sun Club, Hamshaw, Sloop Lane Scaynes Hill, Haywards Heath, West Sussex Bristol Solarians, Tara, Mapleridge Road,

Chipping Sodbury, Bristol. Broadland Sun Association Ltd., Brickle Road, Upper Stoke Holy Cross, Norwich.

Charnwood Acres Country Club, Markfield Road, Rathy, Leicester

Diogenes Sun Club, FREEPOST SL 827, Chalfont St Peter, Slough, SL9 OBR. **EDUN Club**, c/o 53 Windrush Tower, Blackbird

Oxford OX4 5HY. Far West Sun Club, c/o The Moorings, Lower Middle Hill, Pensilva, Liskeard, Cornwall.

Garden of Eden, Roger Brett, Ty Rhôs, Nevern Nurseries, Nevern, Nr. Newport, North Pembrokeshire, West Wales.

Gardenia Sun Club, Lye Lane, Bricket Wood, St. Albans, Herts

Greenacres Club, Cornsay, Durham Invicta Sun Club, The Firs, Forge Lane, Sutton,

Lakeland Outdoor Club Cumbria, 'Hartside', Belmont, Ulverston, LA12 7HD.

Lancashire Sun Society, Hazel Grove, Sandy Lane, Rufford, Ormskirk, Lancs Leicester Sun Group, K. Taylor, 20 Primrose

Close, Narborough, Leics.
London Health and Sauna Club, Seymour Hall,

New Forest Outdoor Club, North Lodge, Hurn

Oxford Naturist Club, OXNAT, c/o British Pendale Sun Club, c/o 12 Parkfield Drive,

Ribble Valley Sun Club, Briarwood, Ribchester Ridgewood Sun Club, Near Clevedon and

Bristol, John on 0272 552114. Scottish Outdoor Club, 'Elstree', Inchmurrin sland, Balmaha, Glasgow G63 OJY

South Hants Sun Society, Stockers, North Boarhunt, Fareham, Hants. South Yorkshire Sun Club (S.Y.S.C.), c/o

Gallimanfry, Treswell Road, South Leverton, Nr Retford, Notts DN22 OBP. S.O.C. (Singles Outdoor), BM-SOC. London

Spielplatz, Lye Lane, Bricket Wood, St Albans Herts Tel: 0923 672126.

Springwood Sun Club, Cooks Hall Road, West

Bergolt, Colchester, Essex.

Sun-Folk Society, The Spinney, Hazel Road,
Park Street, St. Albans, Herts. AL2 2AJ.

Surrey Downs Clubs, Membership Secretary, PO Box 75, Woking, Surrey GU22 7XB. Tando (Tyneside and Newcastle District

Outdoor Club), c/o British Naturism at above address.

Valerian Sun Club, PO Box 21, Ryde, I.O.W. PO33 4 D7

White Rose Club, Flaxton, York Wrekin View Naturist Club, Crin Cottage,

Kenston, Market Drayton, Salop. Yorkshire Sun Society, Terry, 6 Rustenberg St., Hull HU9 2PT

RECREATIONAL CHARITY

Naturist Foundation, Naturist Headquarters, Orpington BR5 4ET. Tel: 0689 871200. Branches (enjoy use of Naturist Foundation Grounds):

Bexley Sun Society Bromley Sun Society Croydon Sun Society North London Sun Society South London Sun Society

OTHER CLUBS/VENUES

Chester Naturist Club, c/o 31 Market Street, Hoylake, Wirral, Merseyside.

EDUN Club, c/o 53 Windrush Tower, Blackbird Leys, Oxford OX4 5HY.

Eureka Club, Mark Wilson. Manor Lane Fawkham, Kent DA3 8ND. Tel: 04747 04418

Fiveacres Country Club, Bricket Wood, St.

Llandudno Naturist Group, c/o Summer Cottage, 11 Bryn Issa Road, Bynteg, Wrexham, Clwyd. LL12 6NN. North Devon Club, Beaworthy, Devonshire.

Rios, 241 Kentish Town Rd., London NW5 Tel: 071 485 0607.

S.E.N.G., c/o 11 Briar Close Hawkwell, Essex Silverleigh Club, Main Rd., West Kingsdown,

Sevenoaks, Kent. Tel: 0474 853438. Shabden Leisure Circle, 1 Shabden Cottages, High Road, Chipstead, Coulsdon, Surrey,

The Old Smithy, Penyfeidr, Llandeloy,

Woodlands Club, Fillongley, Coventry, West

OFFICIAL BEACHES

Ardeer Beach, Aryshire, Scotland. About one mile South of the towns main beach, seperated by a promontory.

Cleats Shore, Lagg, Isle of Arran, Scotland. At the southern most tip of the island Fraisthorpe Sands, Bridlington, Yorkshire. Two

miles South of main town beach.

Gunton Sands, Lowestoft, Suffolk. One mile

north of Lowestoft, off B1385. Holkham Beach, Norfolk. Follow Bones Drove

(path), off A 149. Leysdown East Beach, Isle of Sheppey, Kent.

Half mile to the east of the tow Fairlight Cove, Hastings, Sussex. Park at country park, walk down Fairlight Place to

Brighton, East Beach, Sussex. A short distance

St. Osyth, Essex. 1/2 mile past caravan site at

Polgaver Beach, St. Austell, Cornwall. At east end of Carlyon Bay

CANADA

National Organisation: The Western Canadian Sunbathing Association, P.O. Box 1113, Calgary, Alberta T2P 2K9.

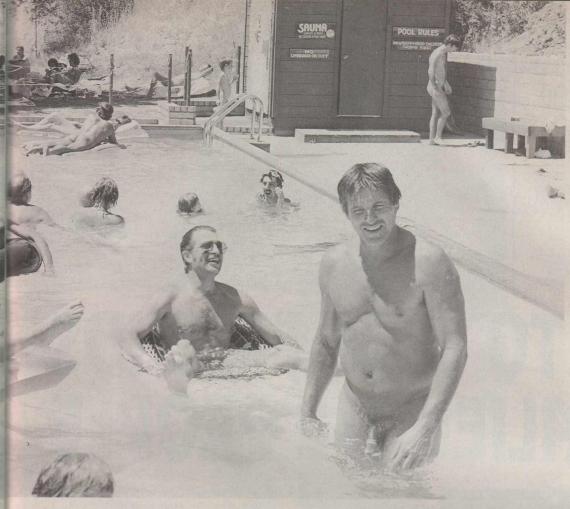
FQN: 4545 Avenue Pierre-de-Courbertin, C.P. 1000, Succursale M, Montreal, Quebec

DENMARK

National Organisation: Dansk Naturist Union, c/o/ Marianes Ottosen, Ahornvej 58, DK-8680 Ry.

FRANCE

National Organisation: Federation Française de Naturisme (FFN), 53 rue de la Chaussee d'Antin, 75009 Paris.



There are so many clubs in France (details from the above) that we are just listing the naturist holiday centres

Koad-ar-Roche, 56820 Neant-sur-Yvel. La Herpiniere, 49730 Montsoreau Creuse Nature, Le Cheix, 23600 Boussac-

Centre Helio-Marin, 33930 Montalivet Camp Naturist de Grayan, Euronat, Grayan

Club Quercy-Agenais Naturiste, Rene Point, La Tuque, Belave, 56140 Luzech

Centre Naturiste de Devese, Bernard Lautier, 32380 St Cla

Centre Naturiste de Montagne, 'Les Clapieres'

Le Cro Magnon, Boîte Postale 5, 24220

Beynac, Dordogne. Alpes et Soleil, 38659 Sinard.

Domaine Naturiste International 'La Romegas', Mme Schillemans, 26170 Buisles-Baroni Le Haut Chandelalar, Y. and P. Boisgontier,

06850 Brianconnet St Auban Club de Soleil de Nice-Lèvens, La Gorhetta, 06720 Levens

Centre de Vacances de la Haute-Garduere.

Domaine Naturiste de Belezy, 84410 Bedoin. Plages des Templiers, M. Jacques Guerrier, B.P. 22 Saint Ferrol, 07700 Bourg-Saint-Andeol.

Relais de la Conche, Claude et Jeannine Bennetot, Saint Montan, 07220 Viviers Le Ran du Chabrier, Mme Metge, B.P. No.1

30430 Barjac

Ran du Chateau de Ferreyrolles, 7 rue de la Republique, 30100 Ales.

La Genese, Mejanne-le-Clap, 30710 Saint-Jean-de-Maruejois.

Les Bois de la Sabliere, St. Privat-de

Champçlos, 30430 Barjac. Centre Helio-Marin, 34300 Agde. Gymno-club Mediterranean, Serignan Nature,

34410 Serignan. Village du Bose, Octon, 34800 Clermont

Camping Saint Pierre, 34150 Gignac Centre Naturiste de Vacances, Le Fiscaloug Puycelsi 81140, Castelnau de Montmira

Centre Helio-Marin, 'La Grande Cosse', Cabanes de Fleury, 11560 Fleury d'Aude. Village Ulysse, Port Leucate, 11370. Village Aphrodite, Port Leucate 11370.

Le Clapotis, 11480 La Palme. Club du Soleil de Perpignan, Dominique Martinez, 'Le Ventous', 66150 Arles-sur-

Village Naturiste de Serralongue, 66230 Prats-

de-Malla

La Sesquiere, Vieux, 81140 Castelnau de

IN CORSICA

Au Moulin et la Cascade Corse, B.P. 36, 20210 Porto-Vecchio.

La Bagheera, Anga Filippi, La Bagheera, La Guistiniana, 20230 San Nicolao Pietra-di-

Le Moulin, 20210, Porto-Vecchio La Chiappa, F-20137 Porto Vecchio.

GERMANY

National Organisation: DFK, Geschäfts stelle, Uhlemeyerstrasse 14, W-3000 Hannover 1

We have listed only the larger sites-with room for 100 or more tents/caravans. For further details please write to the DFK, as above

Familienferienzeltplatz Amrum, 2278

Strand Camping Wallnau, 2000 Hamberg 63, Overn Barg

Liga für freie Lebensgestaltung e.V. (DFK), 23 Kiel 1. Postfach 3112 Eurocamping Zedano, Reinhold Reshöft, 2435

Dahme Nord. Bund für naturnahe Lebensgestaltung Bremen

e.V. (DFK), 2800 Bremen 1, Postfach 106845 Naturistenbund Wilhelmshaven-Friesland e.V.

(DFK), D-2940 Wilhelmshaven 1, Postfach

Sun Lüneburger Heide e.V. (DFK), D-2120

Lüneburg, Postfacht2641.

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung e.V. Hanover (DFK), D-3000 Hannover, Yorckstrasse 7. Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung e.V. (DFK), 33
Braunschweig, Postfach 1812.

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung Hildesheim e.V. (DFK), D-3200 Hildesheim, Postfach

Liga für freie Lebensgestaltung e.V. (DFK), D-4800 Bielefeld 1, Postfach 5501

Naturistenbund Rheydt e.V. (DFK), Zedernstrasse 19, D-4050 Mönchengladbach.

Orplid. Bund für Freikörperkultur und Familiensport e.V. Darmstadt (DFK), D-6100 Darmstadt-Arheilgen, Weiterstädter Strasse 150, Postfach 110861. Naturistenbund Trier e.V. (DFK),

Christophstrasse 7, D-5500 Trie Lichtbund Saar e.V. Sarrbrüken (DFK), Postfach 973, D-6600 Saarbrüker

FKK-Familiensportbund Heilbronn e.V. (DFK), 71 Heilbronn Böckingen, Postfach 51. Lichtbund Karlsruhe e.V. (DFK), D-7500

Karlsruhe 1, Postfach 4103. Natursportbund Schwäbischer Wald e.V. (DFK), D-7157 Murrhardt-Kirchenkirnbera

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung Stuttgart e.V. (DFK), D-7000 Shutt Bfi Sonnland e.V. (DFK), 78 Freiburg,

Drei-Länder-Eck, Postfach 105, D-7808 Waldkirch

Verein der Saunafreunde e.V. (DFK), D-1000 Berlin 19, Rognitztrasse 8.

GREECE AND **EASTERN EUROPE**

EEDC, 6 Filomilas St. 145 65 Fkali Greece

HOLLAND

National Organisation: Drift 3, 3512 BP

There are no obstacles in Holland for singles (male and female) for visiting the club grounds or for becoming a member of the NFN-affiliated naturist clubs.

IRELAND

There is a naturist group in Belfast, Northern Ireland, and another in Dublin, Irish Republic. For details write to: Iritsh Naturist Association, P.O. Box 1077, Churchtown, Dublin 14.

Club Aquarius & Naturist Information Centre. Both at 78 Francis Street, Dublin 8.

Cork Naturist Club, PO Box 6, Middleton, Co.

Northern Outdoor Association, P.O. Box 10, Bangor, Co. Down, BT19 1UX.

ITALY

Associazione Naturista Italiana (ANITA), Via N. Bixio, 32, 1-20129 Milano

Unione Naturisti Italiani (UNI), Castella Postale 185, 1-10100 Torino

National Organisation: FNI, Via Guicciardini, 3, 10121 Torino To

Pizzo Greco, 88076 Isola Capo Rizzuto, PO Box 37, Catanzaro, Italy.

IVORY COAST

National Organisation: FIN, Club de Soleil d'Abidian, Il Boite postale 1218, Abidian II.

LUXEMBOURG

National Organisation: BoîtePostale 1236, 1020 Luxembourg.

MOROCCO

SCI Le Soleil, c/o Lt. Col. Landrin, 15 rue des Tuileries, Casablanca, Morocco

NEW ZEALAND

New Zealand Naturist Federation. P.O. Box 1359, Wellington, New Zealand.

NORWAY

National Organisation: Norsk Naturistforbund (NNF), Postboks 189, Sentrum N0102 Oslo 1. Norway.

PORTUGAL

National Organisation: Federacao Portuguesa de Naturismo, Apartado 3232, 1306 Lisbon.

ROMANIA

Rompen Club International, Postfach 21 08 65 D-5900 Siegen, BRD.

SOUTH AFRICA

National Organisation: SANFED, c/o Beau Valley CC, P.O. Box 326, Warmbaths, 0480, South Africa.

SPAIN

Federacion Espanola de Naturismo, Castel des Rey 99, Apartado 301, Almeria. Club Catala de Naturisme, Mallorca, 221, 3er,

2a. 08008 Barcelona

SWEDEN

National Organisation: Sveriges Naturist Förbund (SNF), Box 502, 23010 Skanör

SWITZERLAND

Switzerland UNS secretary: PO Box 85, CH 3138 Uetendorf

USA

Two National Organisations:

American Sunbathing Association Inc., 1703-E North Main Street, Kissimmee, FL 32744-9988. USA

National Nudist council: Route #1 Box 34, Sprakers, New York 12166.

International Naturist Youth Hostel Association, INYHA, POB 4755 Philadelphia, PA 19134, USA. Tel: (125) 425 5240

CONTACT **ORGANISATIONS**

Network International Coordinators, Box 3582, Peenhill Ltd., 28 Charles Square, Pitfield Street, London, N1 6HT.

Run for the benefit of all naturists who are interested in other people and their way of life. Accepting bona fide naturist couples and ladies, at present to expand world members list. Please send £1.00.

NATURIST GUIDEBOOKS

The following are particularly useful: Free Sun Beaches by Phil Vallack. £7.65 mail order from H&E Books.

Naturist Guide-book, £7.95 mail order from H&E Books

roduce a camera on your visit to your favourite club and the members will not be seen for dust. As much as you try to reassure them of your intentions, you simply are not to be trusted. Even if you are taking snaps of your nearest and dearest, they'll think that fellow members are in the background. It's no use trying to explain about focal lengths, that the background is out of focus, and that anyone caught in your view finder will not be recognised. They won't believe

It's strange that many of the anti-photo



HOW TO LOSE FRIENDS AND ALIENATE PEOPLE

sun club members are critical of the photographs in H&E.

'There are too many professional models!"

'These people aren't proper naturists."

Recently a club to which Jo and I belonged embarked on nude swims in a local pool. There was much interest and initial enthusiasm for this venture. The first meeting was all important to see what sort of support might be expected, and everybody was encouraged to attend.

lo got approval from the committee to bring along a couple of friends to swell the numbers (they were members of CCBN).

We turned up with our guests and their family of two well behaved kids. I tried to get a few photos of our party for the family albums.

Our group had changed and met by the pool side, when, before I could put my foot in the water I was told

to put my camera away. This dominant female committee member was most insistent. I thought about arguing the situation but I didn't wish to embarrass our guests.

To remind me of the incident I have a photograph. it is the rear end of this particular female who turned and went off in a tantrum.

At the club I raised this question with



As Matt Stewart took out his camera at a sun club, he accidentally knocked the lid off a can of worms.

the full committee, who were unable to supply a satisfactory explanation for the banning of my camera. I was simply not trusted.

I had taken photographs before, and time had proved I hadn't done anything with them or tried to make money from them. It was useless, my camera had to stay in its case. Jo and I decided to resign from the club.

This type of club member is unlikely to promote naturism in this country They just isolate themselves in a club, then criticise CCBN, and any other person or organisation or publication for not creating an acceptable image for naturism.

These people thrive on anonymity. One couple in our club were using false names, both their surname and their first names. This same couple complained to Jo and me that CCBN were doing nothing to promote the increase of official beaches in the UK.

Both were charming and intelligent and made interesting conversation, but were content to be destructively critical, yet personally apathetic and negative.

We took our friend Marie Green to this club over one very warm weekend. We were having a great time until a certain 'Mr Know-all' recognised Marie from various appearances in H&E. He accused her of being an exhibitionist.

Marie, being the lovely lady she is, and a guest of the club, tried to ignore the remark. 'Mr Know-all' persisted until Jo came to the rescue accusing him of bad manners in trying to provoke and embarrass a guest at the club. His instant reply was that the club didn't want guests or members of this type.

Jo and I didn't do anything about it then, we just walked away. On a later visit this was brought before the committee. Without asking or waiting for an explanation I handed them an envelope with our resignation fully explained inside. Since then we have had numerous phone calls with expressions of regret from members and the committee with requests that we reconsider.

We have reconsidered. This is not the environment we wish to try and relax and spend our time in. If people are not prepared to reveal that they are naturists or that they are sun club members, that is entirely up to them.

If folk which to isolate themselves to the boundaries of a club, so be it.

If these same people have no wish to strip on an official beach or to openly promote them it's fine by us.

But I ask them to stop being damagingly

If they are prepared to strip and allow club members to see them naked, then they too must be exhibitionists.

They make censorious statements about others appearing in publications, yet they buy these same magazines, perhaps so they can be critical.

All naturists enjoy ourselves in different ways. Let us not then break ranks. Let's be positive and do all we can to make naturism acceptable to the outside world.

Can I take my camera out now please?

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FAMILY NATURISM IN EUROPE

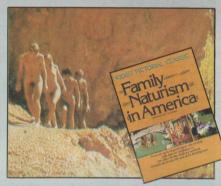
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'The bare essentials in words and photos on an alternative lifestyle where clothing is optional'

This book from Elysium Fields was written specifically for newcomers to the 'clothing optional' idea and it is recommended by nudists world wide as being one of the most authentic descriptions of natural living.

In forthright language and amidst candid photos, it tells you everything you want to know about naturism and more including a nudist directory. A book to learn from but also to enjoy.

—SPECIAL OFFER-Price £9.25 inc p&p



Order your books on page 46

Discovering Nude Tenerife

n our quest for a nude holiday at a reasonable price, we were prepared to try anything. Why not try Tenerife someone said. So we did, and were pleasantly surprised!

We stayed at Las Americas, the island's largest resort and having discovered and used the beach at nearby Los Cristianos for several days, we hired a car and set off to investigate the islands other nude beaches armed with a copy of Phil Vallack's Free Sun guide.

The first was El Medano where two beaches were listed. We found the 'big expanse of sand' and walked westwards to Playa Tejita W. There were a few people on the beach and all had their clothes on – not surprising considering the strong cool



Start as you mean to go on.



Sunny days are best for discovering unfamilier beaches.

breeze which was blowing.

We walked along a newly built promenade which led nowhere and ended abruptly, but eventually discovered a couple of nude single men sitting amongst the rocks.

Looking for a beach used by naturists is a difficult task on a cold day, because if there aren't any there, you don't know whether you're in the right place!

Consequently a scorching hot day is the best time to look!

We decided to look for the other part of the beach referred to by Vallack, below Red Rock.

After a couple of detours down the wrong dirt tracks, we found the beach cafe, but again found the same problem – no naturists in evidence, so were we in the



Mixed weather and mixed-up directions weren't enough to dampen Ken and Sue Fitton's enthusiasm for the most popular Canary Island.

right place for showing off?

Not feeling brave enough to be trend-setters, we were on the verge of jumping back in the car wishing we'd stayed on our usual beach, when we recognised someone from it. Having convinced ourselves that it was the same man, we approached him as to the whereabouts of the naturist beach. He led us over some rocks and there it was - it was like discovering paradise. We clambered down the metal rung ladder onto a sandy beach occupied by textiles and naturists, couples, singles and families.

he big disadvantage of a sandy beach was the pebble dashing effect of the sand, caused by the cool sea breeze which made an otherwise perfect spot quite unpleasant – but we'd found it and could always return on a less breezy day.

The next day took us further

afield, north, to Santa Cruz and then to Las Gaviotas. The directions were accurate but did not convey the spectacular and hair-raising route required to get there along the cliff edge – but it was worth it in the end.

Having arrived at the sandy cove, naturists and textiles were immediately in evidence. We gathered our essentials and walked down to the beach for yet another naturist lunch.

ur visit to Las Gaviotas, however, was marred by the theft of valuables from our car. We had been careful to ensure that everything was out of sight. The thieves had clearly taken only the valuables, leaving everything else apparently undisturbed, so the theft was unnoticed until we



Ken at Los Cristianos.



returned to the apartment. Despite everything being covered by insurance, that day was effectively spoilt, as was mush of the next which was spent giving a statement to the Santa Cruz Police. They spoke virtually no English, as we no Spanish. Although there is no need to speak Spanish in shops and restaurants, we would advise taking a dictionary or phrase book in case you are faced with the unexpected! We were helped through our ordeal by a local businessman who was there to report a burglary from his house and another who'd had his wallet stolen.

espite this, we enjoyed our two weeks in Tenerife. The weather was varied, it rained heavily one day

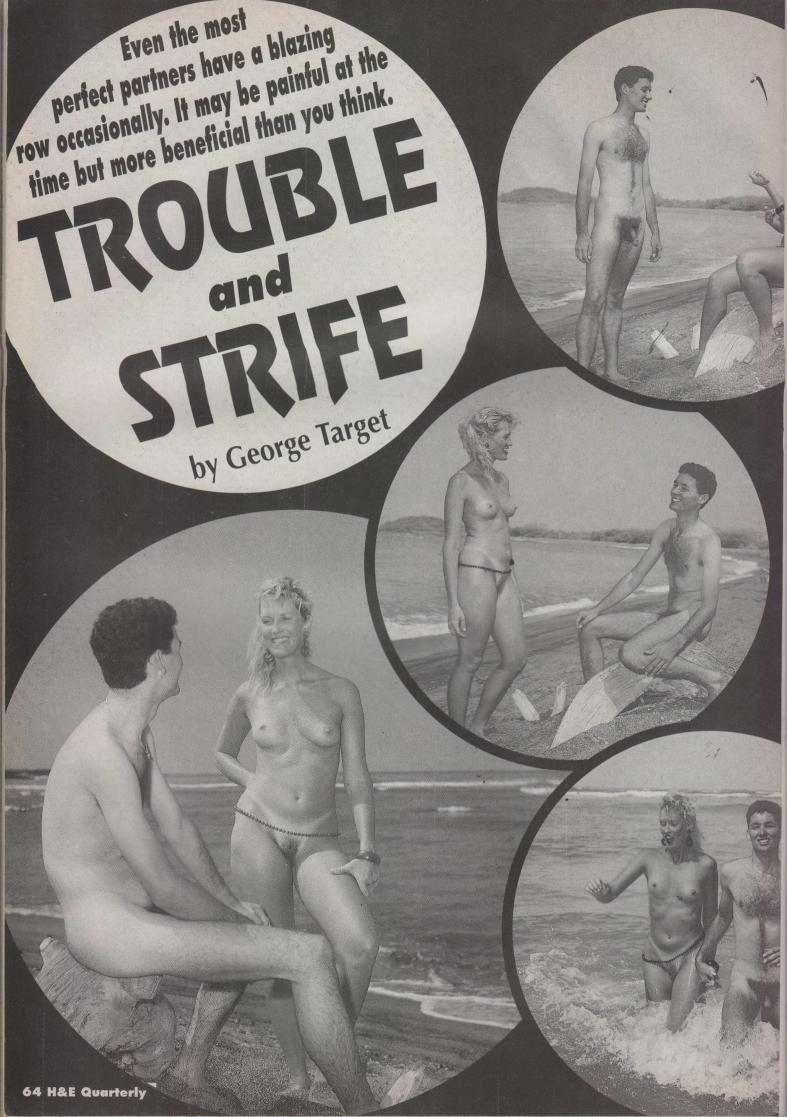
and some sunny days quickly became cool and cloudy. However, the opportunities for naturism were good. You can, if you wish, get away from the 'concrete jungle' of the resorts and explore inland, which will give you a completely different perspective on the island.

Shopping was easy, food reasonably priced and wine extremely cheap. We had planned to eat out most nights and faced with putting clothes on we chose to eat in, making it a very cheap holiday. We'll return again next year. armed with the knowledge we already have to explore further. The mixed weather is something we will have to tolerate, as we like our nude holidays abroad and can't afford the Caribbean - vet!





The best beaches are naturist beaches!





cn ding-dongs in any

serious relationship: between lovers, brothers and sisters, friends and neighbours. Yes, there'll always be disagreements between normal human-beings, but who needs nuclear-warfare?

hat, then, can we do about lessening the chances of tension? Of managing to disagree without laying the room to waste? And then of picking up the bits and pieces, and starting to live together in love and peace again?

First, don't ever feel guilty about having a row at all.

Only the plastic characters in television commercials are perfect, and you're not a "failure" for losing your temper. It's permissible to have strong feelings, and

totally human to express them strongly.

If you really need to be angry about something important, then be as angry as you feel: don't suppress your emotions. Never about anything so trivial as your lover being twenty minutes late one evening ... but most certainly about why you are kept waiting every evening.

Be angry, then, but don't blame anybody for making you angry ... accept full responsibility for your own feelings. Avoid saying "You make me mad when you do that," which lays the blame on the other person, but explain: "When you do that, this is exactly how I feel," which gives your lover the chance to see the situation from your point of view.

Don't make any of it

personal. It's only too pleasurably easy to hurl abusive remarks - but how does it help matters if the other person is goaded into slamming back with even dirtier cracks about you? Stick to the cause of the disagreement, and leave dirt for the dustmen.

When you've said what you've got to say about the way you're feeling at what your lover has or hasn't done, then listen: give the other person the chance to yet a word in edgeways. After all, there might just be a perfectly acceptable reason for whatever was done or wasn't done.

And please remember at all times that this miserable wretch you're blasting is a person you really and truly care about: this is your



mother or father or brother or sister, or lover, another human-being with feelings as sensitive as your own. And this person cares for you, wishes you well, even loves you. You've both got something good going, so take it easy.

Once you've started the row, stay with it until you've

66 H&E Quarterly



both solved the problem. To walk out with it unsettled, no matter how loudly you slammed the door, is merely to stack up more trouble for next time.

he darkest hour is almost certainly just before the dawn, so when you begin to feel that things are getting really black and nasty, that the hardest words are being said - well, that's the very moment to pause, to try a tentative smile, to reach out and touch the other person.

Might not work at once, but it's worth a go, as both of you are probably getting a bit desperate for comfort by now.

Back off, stop shouting, hear what the other person is trying to say. Make peace possible by giving both of you a chance. Don't wait for the other person to do it first: you be the one to make it easier.

If you've already tried some such simple gesture of reconciliation and been rejected, don't take "No" for an answer. Yes, you found it hard to reach out with that dusty olive-branch, and even harder to have it flung into the corner - but remember that the other person is probably finding it all

H&E Quarterly 67



Learn to forgive and forget.

equally hard to handle.

Women are likely to be worse than men at this sort of giving-in: she may want more than anything else in the world to be comforted and reassured, but she might still shout "Don't you dare touch me!"

n this situation a man would be well advised to give it a few more minutes, and then reach out again ... when she'll probably sink weeping into his astonished but relieved arms.

When that welcome dawn breaks, please do your best to forget the hurtful things that might have been shouted at you. During any row the emotions are pitched high, and words are inevitably said that were never really meant in all the force of their fury. So don't keep a little black book for reference at some future date. After all, you'd prefer your lover not to keep a

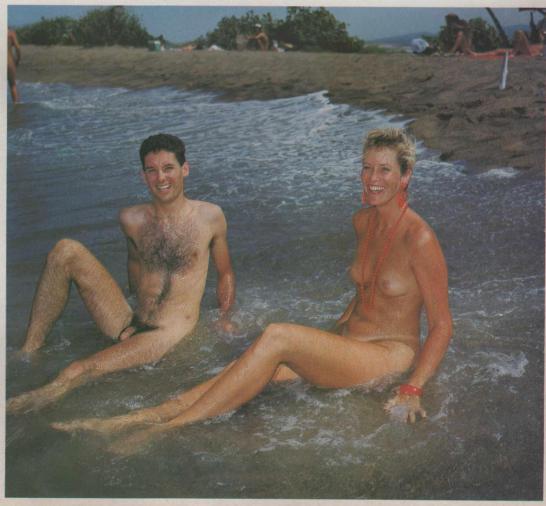
sour memory of what you've been shouting.

And not only forget the words, but forgive the other person for being as fallibly human as you've just been. It takes two to more than tango.

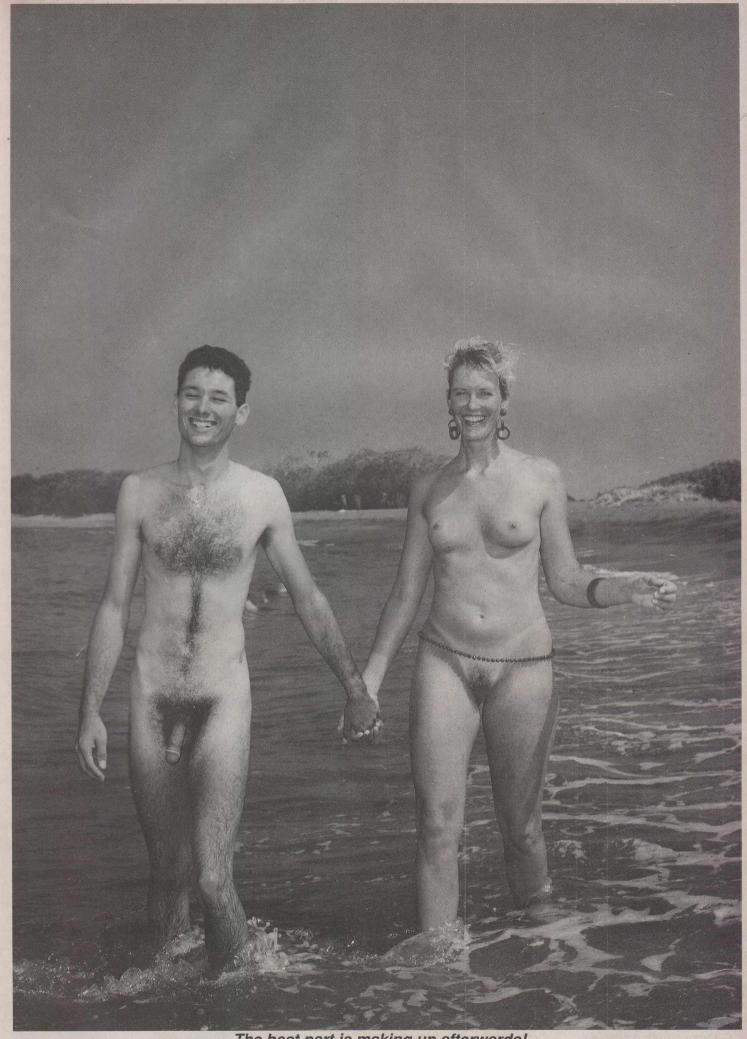
ost of all, forgive yourself. Don't feel bad, but start at once to enjoy the blissful feelings of forgiveness between you. Make a new beginning. If you're lovers, make love.

And, afterwards, in the warm relaxed glow of reconciliation, talk about what went wrong. No recriminations, only regrets. Find ways and means to sort out what's been troubling both of you ... and decide to say it all with flowers next time.

One last thought: relationships only end when one of you departs for good ... so even a good old-fashioned row is a sign of life and hope. And who wouldn't rather have even hard words than deadly silence?



68 H&E Quarterly



The best part is making up afterwards!

THE DAY MY UNIFORM FELL APART

had thoroughly enjoyed my role as a policeman. I achieved deep satisfaction from helping the general public, advising the correct side of the law and removing the bad eggs where necessary.

Then my body started to react oddly. I suffered breathlessness, occasional palpitations and indigestion. Was it my smoking? Yes. Old age? Mid forties, no. Lack of exercise? Possibly.

The one time I always felt good and could relax was in a naturist environment. Being in the sun, stripped of my clothes and in pleasant company I always felt comfortable.

Suddenly there were major changes in my working life. My wife and children began to suffer as my fuse became hotter. Silly things would cause arguments and my tolerance level shortened. I had not noticed this at home but I did begin to realise what was happening at work.

I became aggressive towards the bad eggs (not normally my policy) and found it difficult to accept decisions from above. Fortunately my policeorientated brain detected something was wrong.

On the spur of the moment I went to my G.P.. As I opened my mouth to explain something to him, I burst into tears and could not stop. I had not cried so hard since a child. One thing was apparent, I was not a well person.

I was certified sick with depression. I entered a

strange world. From extrovert to introvert. From a daily routine to not knowing what lay around the corner. There was very little I wanted to know about including my love for driving and naturism. Not going down the club or lying naked in my secluded garden.

I hardly remember the next two months, but I found that I liked certain aspects of the new 'introvert' me. I attended a



PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

PETER OAKES was a dedicated policeman. One day it got too much for him. His life was stripped to the basics.

course for people with like illnesses and found it a great help.

As time passed by I threw away the indigestion tablets. I rarely had palpitations and my fuse which had obviously blown was slowly being replaced. Apparently I had been suffering stress for almost 5 years without knowing. 'The Job' was the cause of my stress and depression, and it was obvious I could not return to it.

With that knowledge a weight was lifted from me. I slowly began to fill my life again. Yet I still hurt deep inside, as the work I had enjoyed so much had been the root cause of my illness

Almost all of us have bouts of depression and stress in this modern age. Indeed there are certain stresses we must endure for the body to function properly. Ironically I was about to embark on a new level of stress and a degree of depression in an attempt to rid myself of my illness.

My desire for naturism had returned. My wife and I began to plan a naturist lifestyle. I knew I had to leave the area where I worked for many years as every street, shop and recognisable face bought back memories. We decided to leave the UK for an indefinite period and attempt to follow the sun.

We have our problems.
Our children are not fully grown. Our finances are not really tuned to perfection..
This in itself creates a degree of stress and depression, but these are known factors and can be controlled within reason.

We bought a large touring caravan, left hand drive car

for overseas travel and all the relevant accessories, gadgets etc. This was stressful, but enjoyably so. The same goes for the planning of financial budgeting, routes, destination and a variety of insurances.

Fourteen months after 'breaking down', I struggled to find the mental strength to tow our caravan (now named Lazydays) towards Portsmouth and the continent. In October we headed south to the all year naturist site, Camping Almanzora, Vera, Almeria, Spain.

We remained static for five months and slowly I observed myself recovering. Things can always depress you or cause you stress, but in my case being close to the sun in a natural way has helped to lighten these loads. I find I am weaker now to such matters and therefore have to be stronger. A contradiction of terms.

I do not believe any task will be harder than the words just written, even though the sun is strong and I am nude.

70 H&E Quarterly

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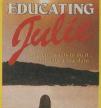


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